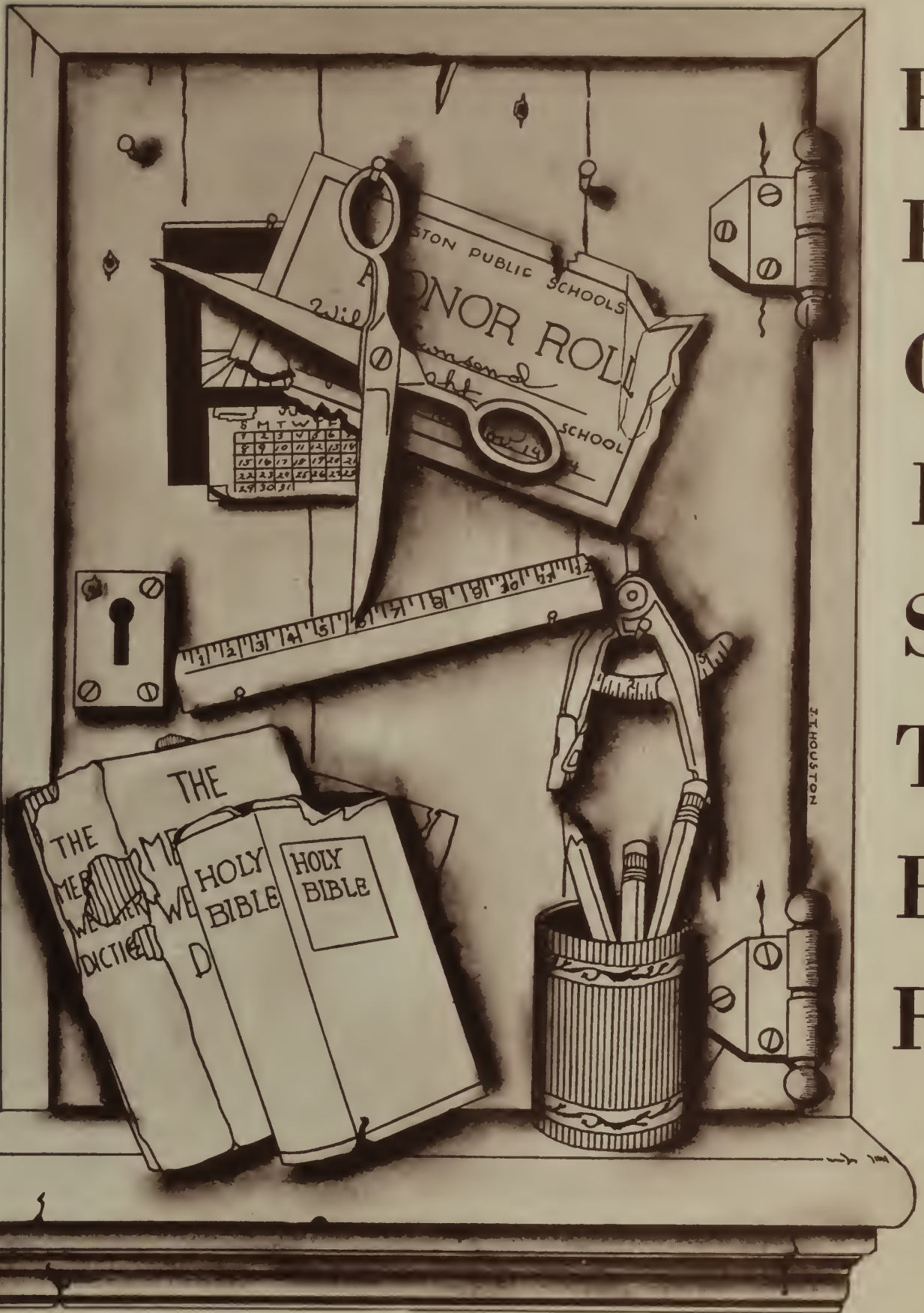


R E G I S T E R



Winter Issue, 1966

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

VOLUME LXXXVII

Number 1

December, 1966

Published 3 times a year by the students
of the Boston Latin School
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year; by mail two dollars. Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and must be plainly and neatly written on one side of the paper only. Submissions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the magazine and the merits of the manuscript.

— Alan Kuritsky



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"PORTRAIT OF A PHARISEE"

Stefan Granholm '67

"GO, THE Mass is ended!" As Father Barry spoke these final words, Paddy McGuire heaved his huge body, stiffened at the joints by forty years of hard work and hard drinking, out of his usual seat in the last pew of St. Patrick's Church and moved ponderously to the rear exit. He paused there, and those same eyes which had so often sparkled merrily at a friendly jest or a hearty song now glared malevolently down the center aisle of the church.

The objects of the old man's baleful stare were a young Negro couple emerging from a pew at the front of the church. He scrutinized them carefully and was disappointed when he failed to find any defects in their clothing or general appearance. "Well," he muttered to himself, "the first ones are here, and they won't be the last. Pretty soon this place will look like Harlem, and no one around here has the guts to do anything about it." The only one in the neighborhood with any grit at all, he thought bitterly, is that kid Mike O'Neill, and some rotten stoolie had tipped off the cops after the kid had tried to bomb the coloreds' apartment.

A warm glow spread over the old man as he recalled proudly how he, along with plenty of other people, had kicked up a fuss when the cops grabbed O'Neill. Sure, the kid was a little hotheaded, but after all, he was only eighteen; in fact, he reminded Paddy of himself when he was a lad. A fine boy, sure enough; and

now he'd probably have to serve time, just because the coloreds didn't have sense enough to stay where they belonged. And that cop that arrested young O'Neill! My God, what nerve! Imagine him telling Paddy that the boy had committed a crime, and now he'd have to pay for it! Well, he'd told that cop off; darn tootin', he had. That smart-aleck cop must've wished he'd been out nabbing jaywalkers instead of trying to bully a grandson of one of Paddy McGuire's friends!

Meanwhile, the Negroes were drawing closer to Paddy, and he found himself hoping they'd speak to him, ask him what time it was or something. Then he'd really have a chance to show them what he thought of their coming in here, starting trouble. Would he ever tell them what to — no, better still, he wouldn't say anything. He'd just look them up and down, hard as nails, and then turn his back on them. Boy, that'd make 'em feel about two inches tall!

The couple did not speak as they passed him, however, and he clenched his teeth in rage. Thought they were too good for the rest of the world, eh? God, he wished he was thirty years younger! He glanced contemptuously at a group of teenagers laughing and joking among themselves outside the church. Why didn't the punks start something, bump into the guy or trip him or something? He shook his head sadly. Kids nowadays just didn't have the guts his generation

had had. He could just see himself — not as he was now, he amended hastily, after a rueful glance at his belly, but as he had been in the old days — blocking the guy's way, asking him where the hell he was going, then clipping him with a right before the skunk knew what was happening and booting him down the steps of the church. A grin creased Paddy's face for a second. Boy, wouldn't that be something? But, he frowned, too old for that now. Still, it was nice to think about putting those scum in their places. If only. . . .

"Hey there, Paddy, how are ya?"

The sudden voice at his ear caused Paddy to start nervously. He turned to glare angrily at the speaker and saw that it was a wizened, sloppily dressed little man with a perpetually apologetic grin playing around his mouth. Paddy recognized his lifelong friend and co-worker, Tom O'Hara, and growled a reply.

"What's wrong, Paddy lad? You look like you're about to boil over!" Inwardly Tom prayed that nothing was wrong, and that Paddy was in a good mood; otherwise there would be an argument, and if there was one thing Tom hated, it was an argument. He always bent over backwards to avoid them.

"There's what's wrong, Tom!" Paddy lowered his voice conspiratorially and jerked his head towards the Negroes.

"Oh, them! Yeah, that's a real shame!"

"Shame is right! Downright disgraceful, them walkin' in bold as brass an' actin' like they was just as good as anyone else! I knew a long time ago that this was gonna happen. First the Italians move into a neighborhood, then the Jews. Then they all try to squeeze in. I tell ya, Tom, we shoulda done something about this long ago. We shoulda formed some kinda citizens' committee or somethin', to keep the ignorant foreigners out and keep this neighborhood a decent place for 100% Americans."

Tom nodded sagely. "You hit the nail right on the head there, Paddy. That's just what we should've done."

"After all, it's not as if we wanna kill 'em all off or anything like that. We're tryin' to be reasonable about the whole thing. All we want is for them to stay on

their side of town an' leave us alone. Nobody's botherin' them there; what do they wanna come over here startin' trouble for? In the old days, they kept themselves to themselves, and so did we, and everybody was happy. That's the way it's always been; people always wanna be with their own kind, no matter who they are. So what's so bad about that? You remember what this neighborhood was like when we were growing up, Tom; nobody but the Irish lived here, and not havin' a bunch of colored around didn't hurt them any. Plenty of fine people came outa that neighborhood; priests, judges, politicians, policemen — honest, hard-working, religious people like you and me. Just think back to the old gang, Tom, and you can't find one of 'em who didn't support his family and go to church every Sunday; and when you come right down to it, what more can you ask of a man?"

Paddy paused for a second, lost in thought, then chuckled softly. "Even old Bill Callahan, who everybody figured would amount to no good, turned out to be a solid, hard-working citizen." He chuckled again. "Did I ever tell you about that Fourth of July when Bill and I —"

Tom saw his chance for escape, and hurriedly interrupted. "Oh, speaking of Bill Callahan, I promised I'd drop by his house this morning. Gosh, it completely slipped my mind! Good thing you mentioned him, Paddy. Well, I'll be seeing ya!"

Paddy watched him shuffle away. Good old Tom! Paddy looked up at the old church and at St. Patrick's School right next to it. He recalled how it had been when he had gone to that school. He thought of the nuns with their wooden clappers, and the names carved in the desks, and the scrubbed, shining, freckled faces of the old gang, and the chalk dust floating in an April sunbeam. He recalled how it had been, and he was pleased. "Yessir," he thought happily, "there never was a finer bunch of kids than that old gang of mine. I just hope that the kids at St. Patrick's today turn into the same kind of men we did."

A cold gust of wind blew up, and Paddy shivered. He drew his coat tighter around himself to lock out the alien cold and headed for home.

(two people too) — OR — (it's about Tyme)

* * * * *

*Escape into the mysterious world of Tyme
where everyone speaks in monotonous rhyme,
and the fog settles when the moon rises
over three hills in mountain disguises;
where the rubber rocks and plastic palms
protect a frustrated father from any harm;
and a sinister minister is reading a magazine
which has heretofore been licensed: OBSCENE.*

*Look for something else to do —
I've got to get back to You.*

*Frightened animals hide in beige bedrooms;
rebellious horses strike for female grooms;
a rooster blows his copper-colored trumpet
as a London lad nibbles tea and crumpets;
and the cows refuse to give non-fat dry milk
unless given mattresses of pure, hand-spun silk.*

*To Hades with Little Boy Blue —
I've got to get back to You.*

*Many electric-powered cotton clouds
sail the sky like silken shrouds;
a wooden airplane powered by a rubber band
flies high and snaps back on command;
seventeen ships with seventeen monogrammed sails
float on a seltzered sea of pale-dry ginger ale;
a battery-driven, plastic-coated carriage
stutters through a drab, artifactual foliage.*

*So what else is new —
I've got to get back to You.*

*In the ever-evolving, mysterious world of Tyme
there are no policemen because there is no crime;
there are no senators or congressmen to pass laws —
only straight-thinking people, exempt from flaw;
hate — just an obscure word well-known elsewhere;
love — sincere feelings here, there, and everywhere.*

*Hear the pearl-white doves coo —
I've got to get back to You.*

*The hypnotic lure of superficial dreams
draws the mind behind an immense black screen;
the phony facade of an apartment building falls,
exposing the bare facts and the paper walls;
in Tyme, people live in real-dream worlds
surrounded by exotic, real-dream girls; —
if anyone is dissatisfied with life, he can come
to the land of magic and the light-bulb suns.*

*Until a better day: adieu —
I do not wish to return to You.*

— Curtis Naihersey '67

THE CONFLICT

Scott D. Holmberg, '67

HE STOPPED his labors to watch as a tiny, anomalous speck grew larger until it finally took the shape of a child pumping his small legs on the rippling field. The watcher broke a large clod of dust that lay beneath his foot and wiped the perspiration that clung to the cracks of his palm onto a pair of dirty breeches. As if glistening on dew in the early morning, sunlight sparkled the beads of sweat that lay on his half-naked body, giving his muscles a falsely fresh look. He grinned as the small figure approached him.

"You're quite a runner, Isaac. Only you know there's no rush for me to have my lunch. How's Pa coming along?"

The panting boy silently produced a canteen and some bread and meat from a large pouch that was slung over one shoulder. The laborer threw back his head and let half the contents of the canteen gurgle deeply down his throat, his Adam's apple bobbing in rhythm. While he ripped at the bread and meat with his teeth, the child half regained his breath and began to talk.

"Pa's still recovering fine; fever's almost gone. Says he wants you to come back in soon. Says his back is aching real bad again and that there's gonna be a big storm. Maybe even a hurricane!" At his brother's amused glance, the youngster amended his last statement to "Well, almost a hurricane."

The older boy had almost finished eating before the child allowed his excitement to pierce the air again.

"Do you think it's gonna be bad, John? Huh?"

"I guess so. Pa said it would."

The humid heat of day had covered the area like a smothering blanket, the sun glaring down contemptuously upon the boy's struggles. He was clearing the fields of stumps alone today; his father lay back at the cabin, recovering from high fever. The sky was deceptively

clear. But, like all other terrible things, the storm would fly across the serene blueness above with no warning, swift and cunning in breaking the lulling harmony of day.

John finished wolfing his meal and relaxed the muscles at his temple from pulsing in time to the mechanical chewing of the jaws. He handed the red-faced boy the canteen, wrenched him around, and gave him a playful kick. However, the heat had apparently devoured Isaac's youthful enthusiasm to the point that he no longer bothered running across the grass and weeds, but looked for bare ground, evidently getting pleasure from watching wisps of dust arise through his bare toes. John watched as his brother puffed out of sight.

John knew that the three other children in the family would enjoy the coming "disaster"; the storm would free their young minds from the burden of menial chores—chopping firewood, caring for the livestock, helping the mother run a pioneer household. And during the storm, they would play "London Bridge". This play always amused the elders in the family. After all, since two of the children made up the "bridge", only one child was left to be caught. There was no game. It was inevitable that the child who wasn't the "bridge" would have to be ensnared. But for some reason the game, meaningless as it was, amused the youngsters greatly.



"It's autumn," whispered the forest. John listened to the call and gazed at the stolid sentinels that surrounded the field like an army of soldiers that seemed to scratch the sky with their heads. No officers, no rank or file, but a ragged army, their once verdant green uniforms now no more than coloured parchment paper that rustled in the breeze and would not protect their limbs.

"Come in, enjoy the autumn color," the guards around the field hinted mockingly, knowing that they were the enemy . . . the enemy that had to be pushed back to clear a small, square patch of victory for the pioneer to grow his crops . . . the enemy that issued forth its disciples, the animals and, at one time, the deadly Indian . . . the enemy that sent its millions of silent spies into the field to choke the planted crops . . . the enemy that was powerful by virtue of its incredible numbers and vicious secrets that were waiting to trap the white man for brother Death.

And yet the young farmer knew that when dusk approached he would purposely yield to a strong, subtle attraction of that enemy; he would glide through the woods, skirting the openness of the field, his friend and his product. Perhaps for that reason the forest drew him more, as a proud, disdainful girl at a barn dance held more charm than a willing one.

The young farmer bent to his work again. But before he did, he took a last glimpse at the sky, thinking to himself that perhaps his father was wrong. Perhaps he could work until almost dusk and never have to worry about a storm that was obviously a long way off.

Dusk did come earlier than usual. The blazing eye of the sky was beginning to close its massive, gray lids. Clouds, first murky, then quite dark, could be seen flowing across the sky, as if they'd been held by a tremendous dam for ages and were now being let loose to flow freely.

The boy's lithe body flirted with the forest. He didn't care to enter too deeply into an area that was now even more obscure than accustomed. A lithe body ambled toward its home, skirting minor obstacles that, although they were insignificant during the daylight, now held more danger.

Pausing once at the edge of the wood, the boy relaxed a second to let the thrill of the scene seize his spirit. Wind gently clawed at his buckskin. A million trees

and bushes hushed and murmured together to mingle their voices into a tremendous, almost deafening hymn that swirled everywhere. Leaves flew in tremendous flocks, challenging the human eye to distinguish individual leaves in the maze of floating color . . .

Then there was the crash from behind that did not belong to the subtle sounds of the underbrush. The boy spun around to face a snarling grizzly bear. There was a paralysis that gripped the boy's body as he stood just long enough to stare at a face that personified something so fierce, something belonging to the wood. And in a moment the paralyzing attraction to that terrible, snarling grin broke, and the young pioneer was dashing around trees and through bush. He dared not go into the field where he would be completely exposed; the open meadow now presented greater danger than the forest. Behind him the crashing grew more distinct, and the boy rushed even more swiftly through the dragging underbrush.

He thought of the cabin. If he could reach it. The cabin. Safety. These words pulsed in his brain with increasing intensity. Just reach the cabin. Brush caught at him. Briars retarded him so maddeningly! Panic clasped him once when he couldn't seem to untangle himself. He tore so hard that his shirt ripped across his back. Then he was rushing again through the wood, the bear still in pursuit.

A stone wall that ran near the field appeared, first in spasmodic flashes through openings in the thick bush, then fully before the youth. Deciding to risk its unsteadiness, he leaped and started to race along the top. His nimble feet skipped his body over the unsteady rocks, while the bear eventually lumbered up onto the top and tried to imitate the pursued.

An ankle twisted. The boy lost balance and, doing his best to cushion his fall, hit a small, leafy place. The bear, in his overanxiousness to reach his quarry, also stumbled and slid down the wall, on the side opposite the boy. A loud groan and thrashing in the brush told John that the bear was also having problems and seemed to be tangled in a briar patch. The youth knew though that he would be at too serious a disadvantage to reach the still rather distant cabin in time when

the bear was free. The boy could feel in his leg the dull throbbing of pain.

He reached in his shirt pocket and pulled out the flint and steel kit. Trembling fingers tried to lay out the charred cloth and kindling as carefully as possible. The bear was thrashing with greater savageness now; apparently, more than one limb was bound in the briar's maze.

The boy struck one spark. Two. Three. No success. The fourth lighted on the cloth and glowed promisingly. The youth protected the cloth as best he could from the storm breeze that easily penetrated the fringe of forest that separated him from the open field.

The spark dominated the youth's soul. One spark, one hope in the approaching night. All else became a dark mass. He blew gently, soothingly, and the spark caught to cloth and kindling, engulfing both in its tiny, firm flame. The boy heaped on leaves, almost suffocating the flame in his excitement. His eyes were so close to the flame that he was almost blind in the surrounding gloom; he realized now how swiftly dark had engulfed light. Rocks rumbled. The bear was free and was coming over the wall.

But he stopped. At a distance he sniffed toward the small fire. Recognizing his old enemy, he retreated a bit. The boy took a small, glowing stick and flung it at the large animal. The bear retreated further, defeated by the ever lengthening circle of brightness . . . John's alertness began to fail . . .

A flash and grumble revived the boy's mind. He had propped himself up against a tree away from the fire and had for quite awhile slipped into semi-consciousness. Now he peered alert at the cracking flames before him. Grotesque, flickering shadows leaped around the consuming, yellow demon. Bushes were burning and bowing before the missionary of destruction.

John hobbled to reach the meadow that was only a short way off. He stumbled out a way into the open, then looked back to see an orange-red brilliance that glowed above the tree tops and made them stand out individually, as did the sun glow behind the trees when rising early in the morning.

The clouds above began to sprinkle the earth. The fire's brother, Lightning, illuminated the landscape so that the boy could see the small, dark shadow of his



home about two hundred yards away. He made his way toward the cabin as quickly as possible, blood and rain making his pants cling to his weary legs. He reached the rail fence and looked back again.

He could see fire eating the wooden army, breaking their proud stance into a dark waste matter. Fire destroyed Forest.

Now billows of blackness arose to join hands with the clouds. Rain smothered Fire.

Silver drops first drummed the earth, then lay in muddy pools or rapidly snaked toward nowhere in particular. Forest absorbed Rain.

And these were the powers, clashing together through eternity, balancing each other . . . the great powers before which John stood with rain-matted hair, scorched pants, ripped shirt.

He smiled in an autumn night. He was different. The forest had ceased to exist. It had been destroyed after all. He remained.

In the spring, it was a gnarled wood. Crooked black fingers twisted out of green underbrush. The smell of ashes and death issued from the trees, but was

so contradicted by the new undergrowth . . . plants being pushed out of the ground by an unresistable power. The old and dead with the new and alive in a weird harmony to protect the denizens of the acres of charred.

And the woods whispered, "I am the indestructible."

G

i sta(mirabile visu)red at the Sun con(having melted into the Horizon during the Night)gealing Itself into a red hot ball

i brvathed deeply and the cold Morning Air ting(play(hurt)fully)led my nostrils and stu(victoriously)ng my lungs

i gazed at the Morning Dew spark(ostentatiously)ling on its bed of Leaves like diamonds on their velvet couches

i slapped at a lonely Mosquito buz(mischievously)zing around my head

i delighted at the cold wet Sand oo(sensually) zing between my bare toes

and i exclaimed

behold GOD

— Neal Solomon '67

* * * * *

Complications

*The dust billowed and the turf showered the ground,
As the two bridled herds thundered
To meet in a clash of steel, steeds,
And men.*

*Swords were notched and shields splintered
In a confused mass of flailing limbs.
The battle-axe clove helms and heads,
But still the armies raged.*

*Then horseless soldiers fought,
Crunched to the ground by horses
And maces and orders and shrieks
And men.*

*But oh, wasn't warfare simple
Then?*

— Glenn Kelly '67

THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER: BOON TO SOCIETY

*A critical, in-depth study of one of
America's great, unrecognized assets*

Dennis John Bechis '69

CONTRARY TO BELIEF, the task of today's back-seat driver is very serious indeed. The back-seat driver realizes this fact—that the lives of everyone in the automobile (including his own precious life, of course) depend on how well he performs his duty, checking every action of the driver. Usually the back-seat driver is not a driver at all, but this fact is inconsequential, since his only task is to advise the driver on road conditions, speed, and pedestrian traffic, and not to drive.

The professional back-seat driver rests his arms on the back of the driver's seat, his eyes glancing nervously from the speedometer to the cars, pedestrians, and signs ahead and to the cars behind in the rear view mirrors. He always checks these items, never looking at the other gauges and instruments on the dashboard, which, because he cannot understand them, he leaves for the driver to check.

Although the back-seat driver is naturally nervous under the tremendous pressure of his responsibilities, he tries to appear calm and engages in a one-sided conversation about trivial things. Whether he knows it or not, his talking directly into the driver's ear in addition to his breathing hot, odorous air down the driver's neck illustrate the working of the National Back-seat Driver's Code. This code, or plan of action, besides increasing the driver's ability to cope with distractions, also eliminates any drowsiness and thus keeps the driver alert. So also, the driver, guided by the back-seat driver, learns the minimum distance between two cars for safe driving at various speeds. Moreover, the driver's ability to read road signs and drive at the same time is greatly developed with the aid of the back-seat driver. When a sign appears suddenly before the car, the driver reads it rapidly, and moments later the back-seat driver reads the sign aloud to make sure the driver knows what it says.

In this way the driver then knows if he had read the sign correctly. With greater practice, the driver learns to read all signs rapidly as well as accurately.

Usually the back-seat driver begins his friendly conversation by poking the driver on his right shoulder to get his attention.

"Saw yer wife shopping in town the other day. She had that pretty blue outfit on, you know? Didn't have a chance to say anything to her. She was on the other side of Boylston Street. I was going to walk over there, but the crowd was too big and noisy."

"Didya really?"

"Hey, get into the left-hand lane. There's broken glass straight ahead."

"OK."

"And slow down. Don't you know by now how far you're supposed to be behind a car when you're traveling thirty miles an hour? Now cut back into the right-hand lane. There's a bag up there on the road. You don't want to run over a bag of nails or even dynamite."

"Not really." ..

"Now, get back into the left lane. Can't you read the signs or are you blind? Left-hand lane for left turns. How obvious can it be. No wonder why there's so many accidents every year. Incompetent drivers. Turn left here. We don't want to go near Longwood Avenue. There's construction work there. They're transforming it into an eight-lane limited access superhighway."

"If you say so. Where'd you hear that?"

"Oh, you know, those traffic reports from the helicopters. By the way, there's a 72.5 per cent chance of heavy rain today. Bring yer rain coat along?"

"No."

"I hope you're reading all the signs right so ya know where to go. 'Mass. Ave.' 'Southeast Expressway — Next Right.' 'Speed Limit — 20 miles per hour.' 'No Left Turn.' 'Howard Johnson's — Next Left.' 'Speed Limit — 35 miles per hour.'"

Hey, slow down! Thirty miles an hour is fast enough in Boston."

"But the sign said the speed limit was thirty-five here."

"I don't care what any sign says is the speed limit. How do you know yer brakes are in top shape if you have to use 'em? And besides it rained hard last night. Road's probably still a little slippery. Now slow down and honk yer horn! You don't want to kill those pigeons, do you?"

"Are you for real? If those stupid birds don't have enough sense to take off when a car comes, then they belong dead."

"That's not nice to say. Slow down anyway before you cause some accident! . . . I told you not to drive so fast. Now you have to clean all the blood off the wheels and the fender."

"That's OK. The car needs a good wash anyway."

Although not apparently friendly, this type of conversation keeps the driver alert at all times, trains him in rapid car maneuvering from lane to lane, and corrects many of the driver's mistakes obvious to the back-seat driver, but not to the driver himself. In these respects the back-seat driver's conversation safeguards his life and the driver's life, as well as the lives of pedestrians and other motorists.

The back-seat driver is especially useful in the very crowded shopping areas of Boston, where the jaywalking law is still laughed at. His strong sensitive eyes and powerful brain form a reliable system for preventing pedestrian accidents.

His eyes glance rapidly from the speedometer, registering ten miles per hour, for example, to a pedestrian, whom he has calculated with his trigonometric eyes to be about one hundred feet ahead of the car; using advanced algebra, his brain analyzes the problem instantly. He immediately reprimands the driver: "Slow down before you hit the guy, and blow yer horn willya?" intermingled with several unmentionable words, of course.

As the car drives past the scene of the probable accident, the back-seat driver looks quickly out the side window to see if the pedestrian the car almost killed is alive. Usually, however, the pedestrian is already inside a building, and because the back-seat driver cannot learn whether the pedestrian is still alive, he develops a tremendous guilt complex and logically swears at the driver. (The hot blast of smelly breath and the loud denunciation, however, help keep the driver alert.) On the other hand, when the back-seat driver does make sure that the pedestrian is still alive, he feels proud that he has performed his duty well by preventing that likely accident. He is also pleased because the insurance companies applaud back-seat drivers like himself who make positive contributions against the accident rate and toward the high cost of insurance.

Therefore, let it not be said that the back-seat driver does not perform a vital role in the over-all American traffic picture. We must give him our full support because his task is fraught with responsibility.

Afterthought

Mostly —

*I am juvenile;
And I know it.*

But sometimes —

*I am mature;
And I feel it.*

And afterwards —

*I feel the difference;
And I hunger for
Maturity.*

— S. M. Trager '67

Possibly Old/Most Likely New

Curtis Naihерsey '67

*Thinking thoughts that
haven't been thought . . .
Dreaming dreams that
haven't been dreamt!
One-way mirrors are unable
to reflect a languid glare
that shakes ceilings and
causes rodents to
scurry about in the walls
of the room
of the apartment
wherein I live.*

* * *

*I realized the actual truth
a while ago
or was it earlier
or was it before?
Though the change in
my pocket gives me a
secure feeling, there is
only security in
my heart.
If the heart is
insecure, it is
time for change!*

* * *

*I grew up some time
before today in a
house I wish
to forget; not
that I ever will
forget an
unforgettable experience!
While it's the
beautiful things I
should remember . . .
it's the ugly things I
can't forget.*

* * *

*In times behind, I too
wish I'd lived the
life of a noble, a
prince, a king, a
man among men, a
very well respected man
who cares little
about the people who
help him attain
his dreams.*

*I would have been
satisfied to serve
a court of ladies. A
song or two I would
have sung. A walk
through a garden
with a fair damsel
at my side,
embracing my audacity
instead of embracing her!
There'd be no sound except
a shrill wind blowing
through a deserted mill
used to store grain
for the king of the
surrounding terrain . . .
But I feel nothing
for I know no one.
I hear no one.
I see no one.
Strange! I know
that they see me.*

* * *

*At a dance I see
fair Heather,
beautiful Heather,
softer than soft down,
quieter than a quiet morn,
of whom I think
constantly but thoughts
are not returned.
I feel hurt, but
hurt by neglect rather
than by dislike.
I see her in all
beautiful things:
in diamond rings,
in expensive things;
the fawn in the woods,
the bird in the sky,
the flower in the lawn;
but does she think
of me? I think not.
She has probably
forgotten me,
but then, she really
never knew me.
It is very easy
to forget
an unknown.*

* * *

*I have an idol, or
rather I idolize an
idol who does not
believe in idols. He
writes exquisite lines
of poetry, spouts words
of wisdom; he is quick
of wit, appears to be
of high intelligence;
but looks are deceiving.
Too bad his manner:
gruff; his appearance:
tough; his hobbies:
rough; his accomplishments
are far too many
to count . . .
Idols are crude people,
just self-adorned statues.
Idols are also
snobbish.
My idol is neither a
crude snob nor
an idol.
Then do I have an idol
you may ask.
That would be quite
difficult to say . . .*

* * *

*I am drowning in
thought . . .
— going down once!
I still have much
to say . . .
— going down twice!
It may be worth your
while to stay . . .
— going down thr . . .
A stupid man throws me
a line and I throw it
back. He yells:
“Don’t give in to
a mutiny in your
brain! Tumults
can be beaten!
Endure stormy
weather! Bad days
always get better!”
“I don’t believe you;
prove it to me!”
“Foolish boy, it
has been proven!”
“It has?”
“History has proven
this!”
I scramble up the
murky banks. I
can see myself
better in God’s
sunlight.*

* * *

*I go now to my
destination, or
degradation, as did
many, many before me.
Fear is my guide,
for the future
is very fearful.
I am certain about
one thing in
my future:
My Death . . .
The names of great men*



*will withstand Time: —
Moses . . .
Caesar . . . Christ . . .
Erie the Red . . . Columbus . . . Shakespeare
Washington . . . Lincoln . . . Churchill . . .
. . . Kennedy. . . .
I hope that
future generations
may remember me.
It does not matter,
the reason for
remembrance, or
does it?
A great author? A renowned statesman?
A benevolent doctor? A brilliant lawyer?
A daring astronaut? An unparalleled artist?
An electronical genius? An enthusiastic leader?
— or maybe just . . .
A MAN!*

Insurrection!

I — Manifesto

*"Now the crucial thing about
The Reformation was . . ."
He said. And he expected us to
Listen.
"X times the quantity twelve pi . . ."
He said. And he expected us to
Listen.
And they expect us to work
For twelve hours a day . . .
To do work they would not think of doing.
To devote ourselves to the
Great God College
Without thinking.
To love, honor, and obey them
And all their institutions.
To obey them without question.
To allow them to gather
Our minds like grapes,
And to allow their bloody feet
To make more wine of us,
Whether or not we wish to become
Wine!*

II — Answer

*"Of course you want to go to college, boy!
You want to beat the Russians, don't you, boy?
Your math and Science, they're important, yes.
Study, study, study, silly boy!
You shouldn't be wasting your time talking to me,
Boy.
You ought to be out working.
We have to beat the Russians, don't we, boy?"*

III — Reflection

*They don't see that by
Making us "keep up" with the Russians,
They are making
Russians
Of us all.
No, they simply expect us to listen . . .
And to translate their thoughts
Into German,
Or Fortran,
While we listen . . .
"Something to do," they say.*

Paul A. Jarvie '67

Toga Virilis

*The hour strikes,
Four minutes late.
Sitting, pondering,
Gazing wide-eyed
At the source of all Truth,
I hear the droplets of
Rain-manna for the sun-starved dust below —
As they echo through the night.
The night, all-enveloping, gentle blackness,
Says yes to my dreams,
Allays the fears of former days,
Lends peace to the present.
But to be a child once more!
To be night-wary, innocent of the
Whispered, forbidden secrets of the midnight breeze,
To live joyfully in a balloon and popcorn world
Where the darkness that is truth
Was unknown —
No, such times are gone.
Face reality, says the night.
And I return to my thoughts of life, truth, and
 similar profound
Inanities.
The hour strikes,
On time now.
The moon will fall and crash into the earth
But not tonight.
The night is quiet; the rain has ceased its fall.
I walk on, and in the evil wisdom of Now,
I meet my God.*

George Field '67

THE LEGACY

William McQueeney '68



IT WAS A TIME when the winters were strong and the men were alone. A man's possessions were those that he could fashion with his own hands, and his friends were few. The Fargs knew not the Daktas, nor they the Mercums. But all men saw the lands to the south, and the east, and the west which glowed as did the sun and the clouds. All men knew of the glowing colored waters which killed, and many remembered the unpainted men who were not as other men, those strange mortals who lived as beasts in the south, and the west, and in the east; they who had left the glowing lands and attacked the Bisarcs and then were finally driven back to the glowing lands forever by the Daktas. All men knew also of the north and its perpetual winters and so were happy to remain in their green forests.

At this time in the Daktas' village lived a boy whose father and mother had died when he was only a few weeks old. The small boy was cared for by a woman who had known his parents. She gave him the name of Awfahn and raised him as a son.

Awfahn grew to be healthy and active. When he was fourteen summers, his foster mother gave him the rope and the darts of a hunter, and said, "It is time for you to learn to hunt. Tomorrow morning go

to the woods and kill all the peck birds you can find."

The boy was quick of eye and accurate in his aim and returned that night with a good string of birds. The following day when Awfahn left home, he took some parched corn with him so he could go deeper into the woods to hunt. His foster mother told him he must always do his best as a hunter, for the successful hunter was always prosperous. At midday, deep in the forest, he stopped to rest and eat his parched corn. His foster mother's words ran through his mind and he thought, "I'll do just as she tells me and then someday I'll be able to hunt big game and be a prosperous and respected member of the community."

That evening when Awfahn returned home, he had a larger string of birds than on the first day. His foster mother was greatly pleased and remarked, "Now that you have begun to help bring food into the house, life will be much easier for us from now on." The boy glowed with pride.

Each day thereafter Awfahn brought home a larger string of birds than he had on the previous day. His mother always praised and thanked him profusely. As his confidence grew, he became bolder and ventured farther and farther into the woods. On the ninth day he killed so many birds he had to carry them on his back. His foster mother tied the birds in little bundles of three or four and distributed them among her pleased neighbors.

On the tenth day Awfahn started off as usual; by midmorning he had traveled deep into the forest and killed many birds. He was hungry and decided this would be a good time to rest and eat his meal of parched corn. This part of the forest was unfamiliar to him. He felt that perhaps no man had ever set his foot here before. There was a strange rock! It was huge, at least half again the size of a man. It was square, flat on all sides, and seemed an ideal place to rest and eat his meal. After he had eaten, he lay down on the strange rock in the warm sun and watched the peck birds wheel in the sky above him.

"Shall I tell you a story?" asked a voice beside him.

Awfahn looked up, puzzled, expecting

to see a man. Seeing none, he lay down again.

"Shall I tell you a story?" the voice persisted.

Awfahn looked in every direction. There was no one in sight. Where did the voice come from? It seemed to emanate from the stone he was lying on but that seemed impossible! Or was it possible? Awfahn listened intently.

"Well, shall I tell you a story?" came the voice again.

It did come from the stone!! At first Awfahn was afraid, but he was also curious. He hesitated then replied, "What is that? What does it mean to tell a story?"

"It is telling of things that happened a long time ago. It is telling of things that your father's father did, and what his father's father did. If you give your birds I'll tell you many stories."

"You may have the birds."

With the boy's promise given, the stone began to tell what happened long ago. When one story was told, another was begun. Awfahn sat, with his head down, and listened. Toward nightfall the stone said, "We will rest now. Come again tomorrow. If anyone asks about your birds, say that they are getting scarce because you killed so many, and that you have to go a long way to find them."

On the way home the boy killed five or six birds. When his foster mother asked why he had so few birds, he explained that they were becoming scarce and he had to go far to find them.

The next morning Awfahn started off, but he forgot to look for birds. He thought instead of the stories the stone had told him. When a bird lighted near him he would shoot it, but he kept straight on toward the opening in the forest. When he got to his destination, he put his birds on the stone and called out, "I've come! Here are birds. Now tell me stories."

The stone told story after story. Toward nightfall the stone said again, "Now we must rest till tomorrow."

On the way home the boy looked for birds, but it was late and he found only a few.

That night the foster mother told her neighbor that when Awfahn first began to hunt, he had brought home a great many birds, but now he brought only four or five after being in the forest from morning till night. She said there was something strange about his trips: either he

threw the birds away or gave them to some animal, or else he idled the time away and didn't hunt. She decided to hire a boy to follow Awfahn and find out what he was doing.

The next morning the boy, called Castehr, took his rope and darts and followed Awfahn. He was careful to keep out of sight, sometimes shooting a bird. Awfahn killed a good many birds. Then, about the middle of the afternoon, Awfahn suddenly started off toward the east, running as fast as he could. The hired boy followed till he came to an opening in the forest and saw Awfahn climb and sit on a large, square, strange colored stone. He crept nearer and heard talking. When he couldn't see the person to whom Awfahn was talking, he went up to the boy and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Hearing stories."

"What are stories?"

"Telling about things that happened long ago. Put your birds on this stone and say, I've come to hear stories."

Castehr did as Awfahn told him and straight away the stone began to tell a story. The boys listened till the sun went down. Then the stone said, "We will rest now. Come again tomorrow."

On the way home Awfahn killed three or four birds. When his foster mother asked Castehr why Awfahn had killed so few birds the boy replied, "I followed him for a while and then I spoke to him. After that, we hunted till it was time to come home. We couldn't find many birds."

The next morning Castehr said, "I'm going with Awfahn to hunt. It's sport."

The two started off together. By the middle of the forenoon, each boy had a long string of birds. They hurried to the opening, put the birds on the stone and said, "We're here. We have birds for you. Tell us stories."

They sat on the stone and listened to the stories till late in the afternoon. Then the stone said, "We'll rest now till tomorrow."

On the way home the boys killed every bird they could find; however, it was late and they didn't find many.

Several days went by in this manner, and the foster mother said, "Those boys are killing more birds than they bring home," and she hired two men to follow the boys.

The next morning, when Awfahn and

his friend started for the forest, the two men followed. When the boys had a large number of birds, they stopped hunting and hurried to the opening. The men followed and, hiding behind trees, saw them put the birds on a strange square stone, jump up and sit there with their heads bowed, listening to a man's voice.

"Let's go and find out who is talking to those boys," said one man to the other. They walked quickly to the stone and asked, "What are you doing, boys?"

The two boys were startled, but Awfahn said, "You must promise not to tell anyone."

They promised, and Awfahn said, "Jump up and sit on the stone."

The men seated themselves on the stone. Then the boy said, "Go on with the story. We are listening."

The four sat with their heads down, and the stone began to tell stories. When it was almost night the stone said, "Tomorrow all the people in your village must come to listen to my stories. Tell the chief to bring every man and have each man bring something to eat. You must clear the brush away so the people can sit on the ground near me."

That night Awfahn and his three companions told the chief about the story-telling stone, and gave him the stone's message.

Leedah, the chief of the Daktas spoke. "What are these stories? Are they so important that the Daktas should pay tribute to a rock?"

Awfahn and his friends told Leedah, each in his turn, a little of what the stone had said to them . . . stories of long ago when the world was different and men traveled the skies and the waters, stories of when the forest was made and men first came to it . . . tales of distant lands and strange wonders that the stone had told them.

When they had finished Leedah spoke again. "Tomorrow the Daktas will go to the stone." After the council the chief sent a runner to deliver the message to each family in the village.

Early the next morning everyone in the village was ready to start. Awfahn went ahead, and the crowd followed. When they came to the opening each man put whatever he had brought — bread or meat — on the stone. The brush was cleared away and everyone sat down.

When all was quiet the stone said,

"Now I will tell you stories of what happened long ago. There was a world before this. The things that I am going to tell you about happened in that world. Some of you will remember every word that I say; some will remember a part of the words; some will forget them all — I think this will be the way, but each man must do the best he can. Hereafter you must tell these stories to one another — now, listen!"

Each man bent his head and listened to every word the stone said. When the sun was almost down the stone said, "We'll rest now. Come tomorrow and bring meat and bread."

The next morning when the people gathered around the stone, they found that the meat and bread they had left there the day before was gone. They put the food they had brought on the stone, then sat in a circle and waited. When all was quiet, the stone began to speak. Again it told stories till the sun was almost down. Then it said, "Come tomorrow. Tomorrow I will finish the stories of what happened long ago."

Early in the morning the people of the village gathered around the stone and when all was quiet the stone began to tell stories, and it told stories till late in the afternoon. Then it said, "I have finished. You must keep these stories as long as the world lasts; tell them to your children and grandchildren, generation after generation. One person will remember them better than another. When you go to a man or woman to ask for one of these stories, carry something to pay for it, bread or meat or whatever you have. I know all that has happened in the world before this. I have told it to you. When you visit one another, you must tell these things and keep them up always. And now you must leave this clearing. I have finished."

When the Daktas had left the clearing there was a noise as of thunder. When the Daktas returned to the opening the stone had been transformed. The food that they had left there was gone, and the opening was completely covered by an uneven coating of the strange rock.

And so it happened that the Daktas became the teachers and the storytellers of the green land.

Reflection: The Beach in Winter

*The waves will still be breaking
Against the vacant shore
While beachfront strip and pavement
Absorb the chilling breath
Of Winter's sterile cold,
Where none may stir but those on high
Who soar in flight of gull.*

*(The stands are all empty;
No hawker's cry is heard,
'Till the rise of sun in a blue sky
Calls forth the summer breed
To vie for the prize of kewpie doll
That can be but dearly won.)*

*For now there is no crowding
And the sands belong to me
And the waves belong to me
With the brisk-whipped wind
In the salt soaked air
Lashing at my hair
And slapping the wave-strewn sea.*

*Watch the churning,
Mark the ebbing,
Listen to the roar
Of the wind, and the waves
And partake of the solitude
Amidst the din.*

*And the sea stretches ever outward
To a distant shore
Where another views
The vast and powerful ocean
Stretching outward from his feet.*

Thomas Connolly '68

i sit Alone in the Darkness

i sit Alone in the Darkness

thinking

wondering

what is Darkness but emptiness-nothingness

and if i wish i can fill that nothingness

—

i can fill it with the Firstsnow Which during the Night

mischievously (cunningly) enraps Myworld in a veil (shroud?) of white

i can fill it with a Shimmeringlake Which (everyone unaware)

mysteriously transforms (liquid to solid) Itself to Ice (deadly beautiful)

i can fill it with Trees proudly displaying (to no one in particular)

Newgreenleaves to show that They once again were victorious

in their battle with Viciouswinter

i can fill it with flocksuponflocks of Birds Who after

Their longtrip from warmer climes announce Their arrival

with the most beautiful music Known to the human ear

—

thinking

wondering

I sit alone in the darkness alone but not Alone

Neal Solomon '67

THE BELL

Alex Robinson '69

THE SUN'S RAYS struck the barren plot of land on the outskirts of the town. The moist earth that had once been there was now a hardened mud mixed with sand. A duel was to take place that day at that spot.

Bill Johnson walked slowly down an old dusty street. He looked to both sides and saw the blacks and browns and greys of paint-chipped stores, saloons, hotels and houses eroded by time.

He thought . . . too hot to die, too hot to live, too hot for a duel . . . lousy day; but how in the name of God did I let myself get into this . . . how . . . how?

The stage came rolling down the street, its horses kicking up clouds of dust. It stopped in front of the Post Office; the driver got down, and opened the door. Three men stood on the front steps of the Post Office. One of the men, named Saunders, spoke to the other two.

"There she is boys. A little late, but that stage will have been worth waiting for if he's on it."

"Let's hope so, Saunders," one of the men said.

Saunders and the two men strolled to the door of the stage. Three passengers had already gotten off, and now a man, dressed well and looking somewhat pleased that the trip was over, stepped down. His name was Bill Johnson.

"Jim Saunders, I haven't seen you in five years!" Johnson beamed.

"Great to see you, Bill." Saunders clasped Johnson's hand. "I'd like you to meet a couple of friends of mine, Harry Cooper and Fred Barrett. They're in with us on the deal I wrote you about."

"Yes, it sounded great in your letter, Jim. Do you really think it will pay off?" Johnson asked.

"I'm sure of it, Bill," Saunders replied.

"Listen, why don't we go have a drink. There are some things I'd like to talk about. Five years is a long time."

"Gee, I'd love to Bill, but the mining people are kind of anxious to get the money. They're leaving on the next stage, so if you have the money . . ."

"Yes, I've got it, Jim." Boy, he seems to be in an awful hurry to get the money, Johnson thought. Oh, what am I think-

ing. The man's my friend. I've known him for a long time. He wouldn't lie to me. "Here." Johnson handed over the thousand dollars, which was his share in paying for the mine.

"Thanks, Bill. I'll see you tonight, okay? About nine. We'll have dinner."

"Yeah." Johnson stood in the middle of the road as the three men walked off toward the bank. He picked up his bags and sauntered off toward the hotel.

As soon as the three men had seen Johnson disappear into the hotel they quickly changed their direction towards the saloon.

Saunders, Cooper and Barrett entered the saloon.

Barrett spoke. "Ha, ha, he fell for it like a ton of bricks."

"Yes, it did work well, didn't it." Saunders smiled a little. "Now all we have to do is pull out tonight and we're one thousand dollars richer. Just in case, however, I think it would be wise if you boys saw to it that our friend Mr. John-



son has an accident, a rather tragic one."
"We'll take care of it tonight, Saunders." Barrett replied. "Now let's have something to drink, huh?"

Bill Johnson had been waiting now for twenty minutes in the restaurant when he heard Saunders come in.

"I'm sorry I'm late, Bill. Listen, I'd like to talk to you, but not here. Let's go outside."

"Listen, Jim, what's going on?" Johnson could smell liquor on Saunders' breath. They walked out of the restaurant and turned down a small side street which was dark and empty at that time of night. "What did you want to talk to me about, Jim, and why . . ."

Johnson had just time to turn and see two men come up behind him before he felt the searing pain of a knife in his back. He thought he saw a twisted smile on Saunders' face as he fell to the ground . . .

Johnson checked the gun in his holster. The houses and stores were behind him now as he trudged along toward the meeting which he knew might bring him death. His recollections continued . . .

He was walking down the street of an old town at night. He saw the bright light coming from the saloon. He thought of how he had lain in a bed for a month with that pain in his back, how he had lost his money, how his so-called friend had tried to kill him. He remembered how he had hunted for Saunders for two years, and now he knew that that man would be sitting in the saloon down the street.

The saloon was hot, sweaty, and crowded, and the stench of liquor, sweat and perfume made Johnson gasp as he entered through the swinging doors. He saw Saunders sitting there. Saunders did not see him. He went over to the bar, winding his way through tables and chairs.

"Give me a drink, will ya?"

"What'll it be?" The stocky bartender asked impatiently, the sweat dripping off his red forehead.

"Whiskey, anything." He answered back.

The drink came and Johnson swallowed it. He had two more before he left the bar. He drifted over to the table where

Saunders was sitting. His body cast a shadow across the table and Saunders looked up.

A look of recognition and fear passed over Saunders' face, but vanished as swiftly as it had come.

"Well, Bill Johnson! I thought you were dead."

"I bet you did," said Johnson grimly. "I've been looking for you for two long years. I owe you something . . . or rather you owe me something."

"Oh, Bill, it was all a bad mistake. I'll make it up to you. Why don't we let bygones be bygones, and let's talk this over."

"The time for talking is done, Saunders. I'm going to kill you." Johnson slowly drew his gun and pointed it at Saunders' head. "You deserve to die," he said in a loud voice. Every eye in the saloon turned on the two men and a sudden hush fell over the room. "You left me for dead two years ago!" Johnson was shouting now, and beads of perspiration dripped down his forehead as his hand tightened on his gun.

Saunders jumped to his feet kicking back his chair and shouted, "Give me a chance."

Johnson hesitated. The silence seemed endless. His fingers itched to pull the trigger. Kill him, kill him his mind said. Then something told him not to. No matter what he's done, Johnson thought, he was my friend once, and I can't kill him in cold blood. "All right Saunders," he said. "There's a piece of land about a quarter of a mile outside of town. Be there at noon with your gun and we'll settle this then. If you run out on me this time, I'll hunt you down like the dirty coward you are and kill you on sight." Johnson holstered his gun and slowly backed out of the saloon.

The sun beat down on his head. He thought . . . what did I do? . . . when did I get so brave . . . I might get killed, and will it be worth it? . . . there's no turning back now.

A bell tolled twelve times in the distance, but to the man it sounded as if it had rung next to his ear. His mind began to rove again.

A bell . . . a bell tolling. Whom do you toll for, bell? . . . For me? . . . or Saunders? It tolls for a man though; a bell tolls for every man, sometimes, someplace . . . whom do you toll for, bell?

Geez, it's hot . . . too hot to die . . .

Look at this gun in my hand What are you gun? A tool, a weapon, a thing . . . a thing used to wipe out something . . . and I'm going to use you gun, isn't that funny? Ha, ha.

Johnson walked slowly; his head facing the ground. He stumbled along almost in a fog until a sharp ring of a voice pierced his ears. He knew who it was.

"All right Johnson, I'm here now. Let's get this over with. This time I'm gonna make sure you stay dead."

Who you gonna toll for, bell? . . . who's gonna die, me or him . . . too hot to die . . . Lord, it's too hot to die.

"Make your move." Saunders screamed.

Too hot . . . too . . .

A shot rang out, loud against the stillness of a hot early afternoon in the summer, near an old town that was starting to erode.

A bell would toll the next day. It would toll for a man.

I I I I I I

Morning. #\$\$%—&'()#\$\$%!!!

*My footsteps resound heavily on the
Heavy, sluggish pavement
As I go to work.*

*Light tunes run slowly through my mind
As I sell inane things to inane people . . .
Until She comes in.*

*— Four towering figures, smiling and strumming
Their guitars, suddenly appear before me,
Only to be dispelled by "this Little Mite's
Sweet breath," as the poet in me might have said
Close. Too close.
How can I hold on?*

Mid-day. Ahhh!

*The store has disappeared.
Replacing it, an island.
Populating it, she and I . . .
Listening to our songs and
Never tiring of them.
Caressing, loving . . .
Selling cigarettes . . .*

*The dream has snapped.
"Thirty-three cents. Yes. Thank-you."
"You can go home now."*

"thank you."

Afternoon and Evening.

*Following her, I wear myself out.
It is rather damp, rather dangerous.
"Oh, I just happened to be walking around."
Too young!
Too small!
Too short!
Too tall!
"Why don't you sing it in chorus?
It'd be more fun."*

Supper and a foggy stillness.

*More like November than August.
Why don't I write a poem about it?
How about this?*

"Morning. #\$\$%—&'()#\$\$%!!!

*My footsteps resound heavily on the . . .
etc.*

— Paul A. Jarvie '67

THE HERO

Warren Hurwitz '67

I

"H-Hi F-Fellas."

"Get off the field, Pimple. You're in the way."

"Hey, Pimple, go play in some traffic."

Clarence Gimple slowly started walking off the ballfield. He was used to this kind of treatment by now; the other kids had never let him play; and he hadn't expected them to let him into the game this time either.

"Ha, ha, look at the way he walks."

Clarence's gait was peculiar; it was as if he had springs on his feet; each step he took looked like the bounce of a rubber ball.

What's wrong with the way I walk, Clarence asked himself for the umpteenth time? Why do the kids always laugh at me?

"B-b-b—"

Clarence couldn't help stuttering; ever since he learned to talk, he'd stuttered; and no speech teacher had ever been able to substantially help him.

"B-but you n-n-need anoth-ther kid to m-make the t-teams even."

The stuttering was especially bad at times of stress.

"The thpleech clath is that way, Pimple. Now getoff," a tall, muscular boy named Jeff Hunter shouted from the pitcher's mound and then started the wind-up for his next pitch.

There's no use arguing with Jeff, anyway, Clarence thought. And he was right. Jeff Hunter had always done everything he ever could to make Clarence the laughing-stock of the school. And Jeff Hunter, being the captain of the football team and probably the one who would lead Central High to the city championships, was the natural leader of the student body. So when Jeff taunted Clarence, it was inevitable that other kids would follow Jeff's leadership in making Clarence's school life miserable.

By this time, the warning bell had rung. The softball game broke up. Everyone ran into the school building past Clarence, as usual ignoring him.

Clarence ran over to pick up his attache-case . . . and whoosh—the lid swung open and everything in the case poured out. It was one of Jeff Hunter's favorite pranks. When Clarence wasn't looking, Jeff or one of Clarence's other "friends" would open the snaps on Clarence's attache case; then when the unfortunate victim picked up his case and neglected to check the snaps, his books landed on the ground, and his papers scattered all over the yard. (The joke was especially successful on windy days!)

Well, this was a windy day; and by the time Clarence had picked up his books and papers, the "late bell" had sounded.

"You're late, Gimple. Go get a tardy slip from the office," his homeroom teacher said, at which the entire class broke into a roar of laughter.

"B-b-b—" He was about to explain how it wasn't his fault; but one look from Jeff reminded Clarence of what happened the last time he "squealed on" someone.

"Y-y-yes Sir," he answered and proceeded toward the door. The kids' laughter stung worse than ever as he walked out of the room.

II

Lunch time.

Most of the kids looked forward to lunch period. Clarence didn't. And why should he? For the cafeteria meant only one of two things to him: either a place where he ate lunch alone, forgotten and ignored by his classmates; or a hell, a place of such deep-cutting insults and terrible maltreatment that he wished he would be ignored!

As he walked into the cafeteria, he wondered which kind of a day today would be: Would he get the "ignoring treatment" or the "torture treatment"?

He found out as soon as he sat down. Everyone at the table was laughing at him.

"W-What's wr-r-rong?" He asked sheepishly, his face a dark red.

Finally, after laughing themselves into

a stomach ache, one of the kids explained the joke.

"We tried to warn you. But you sat down too fast."

"W-W-arn me?"

"Yeah. Someone spilled some milk on your seat accidentally."

"Accidentally," Clarence repeated and slowly stood up. The seat of his pants reeked with the smell of milk.

"How can you see your sandwich with all those blobby pimples on your face?" one of the kids at the table yelled.

But before Clarence had a chance to answer, the sound of taps captured everyone's attention. On the balcony above the cafeteria were three members of the Victory Club. This Saturday was the big football game of the season, against Roosevelt High; a win on Saturday would give Central High the city championship.

After the taps, the boys on the balcony took a dummy, dressed in the uniform of Roosevelt High, put its head in a noose, and hanged it from the flag pole. A wave of applause swept through the lunchroom. The climax of the rally, however, occurred when Jeff Hunter, 180 pounds of hero, was introduced. The success of the team depended on Jeff's pinpoint quarterbacking, and the whole school knew it. Near hysteria broke out; the student body went wild with cheers and applause.

"Going to the game Saturday?" someone asked Clarence.

"Ah, n-n-no," he said timidly and hesitantly, recalling how his lack of football enthusiasm had always been a prime source of ridicule. "I-I'm n-n-not interested in f-f-football."

"Oh, excuse me." Someone had knocked over Clarence's milk carton "accidentally."

III

The school day dragged on.

Chemistry class. Clarence liked the subject; but the class itself was unbearable. This was the only class which he had together with Jeff Hunter. And the football hero sat right behind Clarence.

"The tests from yesterday weren't too good," said Mr. Stanley as he passed back the test papers from the previous day. Mr. Stanley was a tall, thin man in his late fifties. A chemistry teacher for 22 years, there was not much he did not know about the subject.

"Mr. Gimble, excellent paper. I wish the rest of you could do as well."

Clarence could almost feel the contempt-filled eyes of his classmates piercing his back as he got up to get his test paper from Mr. Stanley.

As he returned to his seat, Clarence caught a glimpse of Jeff Hunter's paper, 40 points short of a passing grade.

"I'll get you for this, Pimple. I'm gonna flunk chemistry 'cause o' you. You'll pay for this." The tone of Jeff's voice and the glare in his eye conveyed burning hatred.

It was the same thing every time a chemistry test was returned. Jeff blamed Clarence for covering his paper during the test, thus preventing Jeff from copying the latter's answers. Since Jeff rarely studied, hardly a chemistry test was returned which did not come hand-in-hand with a threat from Jeff.

It's not my fault if you don't study, Clarence was about to reply. But it would have been no use.

"Today, we'll go into the laboratory," Mr. Stanley announced, when he had regained the attention of the class. "I want to inspect the hydrogen which you were supposed to have prepared last week and give you a mark in laboratory work."



Nobody noticed Jeff Hunter as he took a jar containing a pale yellow solution from the shelf in the chemistry laboratory. Also unnoticed was Jeff's action a few moments later; he nonchalantly walked over to Clarence's work table, pretended to be looking out the window, and, when Clarence was not watching, poured a small amount of the pale-yellow solution onto Clarence's hydrogen preparation. As he went back to his own table, Jeff smiled. The taste of revenge was sweet.

Had Jeff looked at the label on the jar he took from the shelf, he would have seen that it said: CHLORINE AND WATER. Now, hydrogen and chlorine, under most conditions, do not react when mixed. Only intense sunlight, or heat, would cause such a mixture to react, and, in fact, to explode.

Mr. Stanley went from table to table, inspecting each student's hydrogen preparation, making comments, and giving marks.

When he finished, the teacher cleared his throat and said, "We will now diffuse hydrogen. Will everyone please light his Bunsen burner and heat his hydrogen!"

IV

"Fire," someone had screamed.

The scream had triggered such confusion as no one in the class had ever seen before. It was as if they had never had a fire drill. Every one of the 31 captives of the blazing room scrambled toward the door; there was no semblance of order whatsoever. Each person, it seemed, cared only about one thing: saving himself.

Clarence, too, was trying to escape the conflagration. At first, he just stood in the middle of the room, dazed, looking at everyone running past him. Then, gathering his wits, he was about to charge toward the exit, when he heard a meek voice.

"Clarence, old pal, will ya help me," the voice almost whispered in a tone of anguish.

Clarence turned around slowly. Yes, the voice had sounded familiar. It was Jeff Hunter's. The football hero was lying against the wall; a heavy wooden shelf had fallen on his leg; he was unable to move.

"M-m-me? H-h-help you?" Clarence asked. "W-why sh-sh-ould I help y-you?"

The fire continued in its path of destruction . . . but it did not spread rapidly . . . it could not . . . for, in its way, stood Mr. Stanley, aided by a fire extinguisher, and determined to battle the blaze. Had Mr. Stanley been cowardly or inexperienced in fighting fires, disaster would have been inevitable; but he was neither a coward nor a novice firefighter; in fact, Fate had placed him at the scenes of at least two fires in the past, and he had fought those flames as bravely as he now fought these . . .

Unnoticed, Clarence Gimple slipped among his classmates, who were occupied watching Mr. Stanley successfully combat the small fire. Close at his heels, also unnoticed, limped Jeff Hunter.

V

Classes at Central High went on as usual. Only the chemistry laboratory was damaged. Central's football team, as had been expected, captured the city championship; and Jeff Hunter, despite his injured leg, had been the game's hero.

As Clarence "bounced" into the schoolyard, he was thinking about what he would say when Jeff asked him to play softball.

The kids had already started the game.

"H-h-hi f-fellas," Clarence called out trotting onto the field.

"Get off the field, Pimple." someone shouted. Clarence turned around. It was Jeff Hunter.

#484 (Pompeii)

I

*The sun begins to set as
I lie here,
Near the Gates.
For two-thousand years
Have I lain here,
Tearing at my clothes,
At my throat.
Watching my city,
Watching the ashes of my city.*

II

*You don't know what it's like
To be me.
You think me an artifact,
A two-thousand year-old
Shadow of what once was
A man.
But I have lived.
I have lain here for
Two-thousand years
And have lived and
Watched as you
Raped my city, my home.
I have watched as you
Raped these
"Artifacts",
As you
Alienated
My City.*

III

*I have lain here for
Two-thousand years
Watching you,
And I
Know.*

Rites of Spring

(To S. C. S.)

*On such a night as this,
I begin to think of Nuns
And laughter and great parties.
I fancy myself a small boy
Again and long for Sister's
Smiling face and the warm
Sunshine of our school-yard.
I long to walk once more
Among the pretty little girls
In their frilly dresses, and
I long to laugh and whisper with
Them in the morning sunlight
Of our schoolroom. I long for
My old uncle's shuffling
Steps as he fixes my lunch.
(For in those days we went
Home for lunch.)
I long for Sister
To take me by the hand
Once more and to tell me a story of
The Saints while I
Grow sleepy in the warm
Schoolroom sun.*

*As I smell the May air
And listen to the children's
Cries on such a night as this
I long to be one of them . . .
I long for a long-forgotten
Summer that can never
Return.*

— Paul A. Jarvie '67

SUMMIT

John A. Zizis '69

AT PEACE CORPS Headquarters in Washington, D.C., a secretary picked a sheaf of papers from a pigeonhole, studied them for a moment, and then dialed a number on her telephone.

"Hello? David Rand? This is the Peace Corps calling, and . . ."

".....?"

"Yes, you passed your examination. You're to report here for an interview tomorrow morning at ten. Room 215 and Mr. Bergatti."

".....!"

"Yes, I know how you feel. Congratulations. Good-bye."

A Russian secretary sat at a similar desk in the Lumumba Institute of International Friendship. Glancing at a thin sheet of paper clipped to a thick dossier, she dialed a number on her telephone.

"Hello? Nikolai Asenov? This is the People's International Friendship Commune, and . . ."

".....?"

"Yes, you were chosen as an Agricultural Specialist. You must report here at ten tomorrow morning for another interview. Just go to the desk at the head of the stairs. They will direct you from there."

".....!"

"Yes, of course you're excited. Good-bye."

* * * *

David's interview was a long, dull affair, punctuated by the distressingly frequent belches of his examiner, a pot-bellied chain smoker. David reanswered all the questions he had heard many times before, and then — wonder of wonders — answered some new ones.

Happy at having survived this hot, stuffy ordeal, David picked up his service records as he left Bergatti's office, and learned that he was being sent to Kansas for further training. He also knew that he was being assigned somewhere in Botswana, but he did not know exactly where.

* * * *

Nikolai arrived early for his interview, and was immediately ushered into a small cubicle where a neat, prim, elderly

woman was waiting. After this point, Nikolai's interview went much the same as David's. The questions were similar, and so was the mood. Nikolai was rather glad to see the end of it. As he left, the elderly woman handed him his dossier and informed him that he would be taken to the Botswanaian section of the Tashkent Training Camp.

* * * *

David never did like the Rawlings Training Center. He first saw it in a typical Midwestern cloudburst, and things got no better as time went on. The food was bad, and it was David's opinion that the instructors were overly forceful in impressing their knowledge upon the trainees. However, David survived the six months of intensive training, and emerged at the end of that period a full-fledged Peace Corpsman.

On the next-to-last day of the course, David finally discovered where he was going. He was being assigned to the little village of Gavutu, to teach the natives general farming methods.

* * * *

The Tashkent Training Camp was nothing like home, thought Nikolai as he saw it for the first time. Whereas in his home state of the Ukraine the landscape was dotted with peach trees and wheat fields, here were nothing but dusty plains.

The course was tough, but Nikolai forced himself through it. Two days before the end of his training, Nikolai found out where he was going. He was being sent to the town of Gavutu to instruct the inhabitants in general farming practices.

It was a hot, sticky day when the jeep carrying David Rand arrived in Gavutu. He had the Embassy driver stop on a hill overlooking the town so that he could get a good first look at the town which would be his home for the next two years. The inhabitants of Gavutu were a tribe of hunters and fishermen. However, in recent years the game had migrated northwards, and the Gavutus had no inclination to give up their lands and follow. They had turned to farming as an alternative to hunting, but as was always the case, hunters could not become farmers overnight. Beyond the cluster of huts, David could see a few primitively plowed fields and a few straggly stalks of corn.

The village itself consisted of a large group of huts, about seven feet high and twenty feet around. There was a larger hut near the center of the village, surmounted by a wooden cross. Obviously the chapel of the two Baptist missionaries, David decided.

When the jeep reached the village proper, it was immediately surrounded by a crowd of natives, laughing and joking. David lifted his few bags and his boxes of farm implements from the back of the jeep, and said good-bye to the driver. As the jeep rattled away on the dusty road, David turned to the crowd and said the appropriate words of greeting in Swahili. He was answered by a cheer and the corresponding replies. At this point, a tall, elderly white man pushed through the crush of natives, extending his hand to David.

"Hello. I'm the Reverend John Blackwood, pastor of the chapel here. We weren't expecting you until tomorrow, but of course we're glad you're here sooner. I imagine you're tired after your long trip, so if you'll just leave your baggage with Mwama there, I'll take you home for lunch. I'm sure the little woman could manage something special for an occasion such as this."

David, hesitating just a little, left his bags and tools with the lean, bearded native the Reverend had pointed out and followed the elderly gentleman to a hut near the little chapel.

As David entered, he was met by a small, white-haired woman who grasped his hand warmly and introduced herself as Martha Blackwood. After the amenities, Mrs. Blackwood announced that lunch would be delayed because the native who was supposed to be catching the fish was overdue. David was rather glad of this, because it gave him time to become acquainted with the village and its inhabitants.

* * *

Mwama, the native servant employed by the Blackwoods, was bewildered. Nearly an hour ago, a white man had arrived by jeep, gotten out, unloaded some baggage, and had gone off with Reverend Blackwood. Now another white man had arrived, and was doing the same things as the first.

There were differences however. The first man had been tall and sunburned,

while this one was pink and on the stubby side. When he spied Mwama, he strode over and said "Hello, Comrade!" in Swahili. Mwama wasn't quite sure what to do, but as a start, shook the man's hand. Then, before a crowd could gather, Mwama led the newcomer to the Reverend Blackwood's.

Nikolai was surprised at the smallness of his reception. He wasn't a vain man, but he had expected a few people to turn out, at least.

When Nikolai reached the Blackwood hut, he hesitated before going in. What would these people be like? But, he had to meet them sometime, and the sooner, the better.

His first step took him into darkness, as there was only one window, and it was shadowed by the overhanging thatch of the roof. As his eyes adjusted to the dark, he saw three people at a table, engaged in animated conversation. Nikolai cleared his throat out of habit, and the three anonymous figures looked his way.

An elderly man came shambling out of the gloom. When he first saw Nikolai, he started with obvious surprise. He held out his hand and murmured some words in a language Nikolai could not understand, but knew to be English. Assuming that the man could not understand Russian, he greeted him in Swahili.

Now that the two men had a common language, they got down to introductions.

"Hello. I'm Nikolai Asenov, and I imagine you're Reverend Blackwood."

"Well . . . yes, of course. But we certainly weren't expecting your visit to our village. Mr. Asenov. Why are you here?"

"I'm from the International Friendship Commune! Didn't you know I was coming?"

Reverend Blackwood seemed to be taken aback by this turn of events, but managed to mumble, "No, we didn't know. But you're welcome, of course. Why don't you come in?"

At this point, the Reverend led Nikolai over to a table near the window. As they approached, Nikolai noticed another young man with a suspicious look on his face, seated to one side of the table. This man stood up, and he and the Reverend conferred earnestly in English.

By this time, Nikolai was completely confused. He had been told by his superiors at Tashkent that he would be

expected at Gavutu. This wasn't according to plan at all. Yet, as far as Nikolai could see, his surprise arrival had done no harm.

When the other man finished his conversation with the Reverend Blackwood, he came over to Nikolai and said expressionlessly, "Hello. I'm David Rand, of the Peace Corps. I understand you've been assigned here by the IFC, and I thought that we ought to get to know one another."

Nikolai was shocked. The PEACE CORPS! He had attended many lectures on that organization, and his instructors had always stressed the trouble Peace Corpsmen caused. Nikolai forced himself to shake the American's hand, and mumbled a few words of introduction.



During this time, both men examined each other carefully. Physically, they were at opposite ends of the spectrum. The short, stocky, blond Ukrainian would never be mistaken for the tall, lanky, brunette Dakotan. Mentally, however, the two were from the same mold. Both were farmers through and through, both had the same type of families and upbringing.

ing. Another thing they differed in was politics. David Rand could be considered a little right of center. When he had been a teen-ager, he had belonged to the "Christian Anti-Communist Crusade", an organization that saw the world through crimson-colored glasses. On the other hand, Nikolai had been an eager member of his school's "Young People's Marxist Study Group", an organization given over to soul-searching and Fascist-hunting.

Things went along smoothly for a few weeks. Both men set up classes in animal husbandry and cultivation procedures. Both men still ate at the Blackwoods', not trusting their own cooking ability. Besides that, the old couple enjoyed the company.



Then, over tea, the three men, (Mrs. Blackwood, a doctor as well as a missionary, was making her rounds of the village), discussed the problem. After a few minutes of agitated conversation in Swahili, it became apparent that neither man had made a mistake, and that they truly had been assigned to the same village.

Nikolai and David often got into heated political arguments over the dinner table, but no personal enmity had been incurred as yet.

One night when there had been no argument, Nikolai made a suggestion over the table.

"You know, Rand, I've been thinking. Over the past weeks we've been teaching the same things to the same natives. It's a waste of my valuable time, and yours. I wonder if we could cut the village in half. Figuratively that is. You could help the people of one half, and I the other."

David hesitated before answering. He had always been taught that Russians were liars and cheats, and he had no intention of being cheated. However, try as he might, he could see no trick in the Russian offer.

"I see no reason why not," replied David slowly, "That street outside cuts the town into geographical halves. Let's say I take this half, and you the other. We'll see whose natives turn out to be the better farmers. Deal?"

The two men shook hands across the table, and the deal was made.

* * * *

Implicit in the deal consummated over the Blackwood's dinner table had been the idea that neither man would tamper with the training of his rival. Unfortunately, these idealistic sentiments did not survive for long. David got out of his crude bunk the next morning with the thought: why should I let that &%\$#(&') have half of **my** village? After all, I was here first! However, a sense of honor kept each of the two men from reneging on his word.

After the agreement, dinner at the Blackwoods' was no longer such a pleasant occasion. The political comments grew more and more heated, until finally, all communication ceased between the two men. A week after the agreement, both men began to eat at their own huts, alone. The Blackwoods were bewildered at the change in attitude of the two men, but kept silent.

Later, after both men had set up separate planting classes, the first incident occurred. David would give out his supply of tools to various natives in the morning, and would recover them when classes were over in the afternoon. On this particular afternoon, David found two

hoes and a shovel missing.

While David had been brought up on a farm, he was no rube. He realized immediately where the tools had gone. In a towering rage, he stormed over to Nikolai's hut at the other side of the village. When he arrived there, he pushed his way in through a flimsy door, and by a not-so-flimsy native "guard".

"Where have you got my tools?" he screamed, and added some words which would never be included in a Swahili dictionary, if there were such a thing.

Nikolai managed to look sufficiently innocent, and inquired calmly, "What tools? Did you lose some tools, Rand? If you have, I'd be glad to help you find them. Losing tools would ruin your training operation."

David almost shrieked with rage, and was about to reach across the table and grab the little Ukrainian, when he realized that there were natives lining the walls of the hut. Many had clubs, and one was holding a hoe David recognized as his. At this point, the Russian launched his counterattack.

"You're not accusing **me** of taking those tools, are you Rand? What proof have you got that they were stolen at all? Probably one of your stupid workers lost them, or took them for himself. Besides, you broke down my door and came in here like a madman! My natives don't like that, Rand. They might think you're trying to hurt me, and they wouldn't want that. Am I making myself clear?"

Abundantly clear, thought David. He took a last look at the hoe one of the natives was carrying, and then turned and walked from the hut.

* * * *

Nikolai was no fool either. He realized that although the American might give up a few tools, that was not the end of the affair. As expected, three days later, Nikolai discovered a large portion of his store of special, hybrid corn seeds to be missing. While Nikolai realized it would do no good, he felt that he had to pay a visit to the American. As soon as he entered Rand's hut, he realized that he might have made a mistake. As in his own hut three days before, natives ringed the walls, and Nikolai noted that **all** of the American's natives were armed.

The American looked up, and greeted Nikolai as that personage stopped short in the middle of the hut.

"Hello, Comrade! How **nice** to see you again. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to give the seeds back, Rand?"

"Seeds? Seeds? I don't know anything about any seeds." He turned to the natives aligned along the wall. "Hey, fellas? This guy says he's lost some seeds. Do you guys know anything about that?"

The natives grinned gleefully and shook their heads dutifully. David spread his hands and said, "I'm sorry I couldn't help you Comrade, but as you can see, we don't know anything about your seeds."

Nikolai had expected this, and was just about to speak when the American spoke again, almost eagerly. "If you're having trouble deciding when to leave, Comrade, I'm sure a few of my boys would be more than happy to escort you."

"No, thank you. I was just leaving." Nikolai spun on his heel and walked out into the sunlight, trying to remember whether Karl Marx had anything to say about a situation such as this.

* * * *

This same routine continued for several months. Then things began to get more serious. Obviously, neither man had missed an opportunity to indoctrinate his natives in his particular political philosophy.

One night, some six months after the arrival of the two men, a half dozen drunken natives from the Russian side of the village, while at a party in what was now known as the "American Sector", got quite incensed at a remark made by an "American" native. They tore down the hut in which the "bash" was taking place; they were turned back into their own section of town only after first dismantling the town's grain storage bin.

Neither David nor Nikolai cared in the slightest what the natives did amongst themselves, but this was an "international incident", and David thought it merited retaliation.

David was much cleverer than he looked, and the next morning he had the perfect answer. To bring water to their crops, the "Russian" natives had built a pipeline, constructed of mud and reeds, three miles from the river to a reservoir. Asenov had had it buried a few feet

below the surface, so that it would not be harmed by passing natives. In one place, this pipeline crossed "American" territory. This territory was made up of poor, sandy soil which contained an incredible number of rocks. Nonetheless, David was going to roll out his sharpest, strongest, deepest plow and have the land turned over.

As he was thinking these juicy thoughts, a native boy came in with a question on farming. David was so excited that as soon as the boy began to speak David screamed at him to get out. These filthy savages would be asking him to baby-sit next. Couldn't they see that this was important?

* * * *

Three hours later, David heard the commotion that he had expected. A group of natives trudged up the road, holding a long, hollow something in their hands. David knew quite well what it was, but had a perfectly innocent look on his face when the crowd reached him.

As he examined the hollow tube of reeds the natives deposited on the ground before him, he struggled to maintain his innocent expression. However, he couldn't help admiring the excellent job his natives had done. The reed tube had been shattered in two places by the impact of the steel plow. The gap in the pipe line would probably take a good two weeks to repair.

At this point, the confrontation that David had been anticipating occurred. Nikolai Asenov broke through the ring of natives and stood staring at the mass of broken reeds which lay on the ground before him. As the significance of this ruin dawned on him, he turned brick red.

He screamed out in Russian, "That pipeline took me five months to build, you dirty !!!!!!!!! Yet you ruin it in minutes, you filthy American pig!"

Neither man had used physical violence up to this point because both were afraid of the army of natives the other kept at the ready. Both Nikolai and David realized that it would be extremely dangerous for them to engage in a personal Donnybrook. This time, however, a hot, unreasoning rage swept over Nikolai, and he worried about none of these things as he whipped out the knife he had been given at Tashkent, and leapt for David's throat.



EDITORIAL

YES, VIRGINIA, IT'S A GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

MY DEAR, dear fellow American, it be hooves me to stand before you as the Demagogic-Repugnantcan candidate for representative. (Uh, cameraman, would you zoom in a bit more on my teeth that I brush after every meal? Yeah, that's it.) The first thing I'd like to point out is the fact that I'm the only candidate who has based his campaign solely on the issues. My opponent hasn't. Why, my opponent is even, mayhap, a crook. Do you want a person in office that's, mayhap, a crook? (Uh, Charlie, would you get in the hand movements with that camera? The people love acting ability. Yeah.) The real issues are what I talk about, the real issues that you voters expect from me. Oh, wait a second! I think I see my wife in the background with our thirteen, talented, photogenic children. That's it; smile, dear. As I was saying, both you and I are concerned with the real issues; that's the reason we're here tonight.

"You know, it's really wonderful to see so many pro-American voters, voters who are really for this country 100% here tonight. It's you people who are concerned enough about the nation's welfare that really "make" these political rallies. Why, I'll get you higher wages, less taxes, and more social legislation. There'll be more work for the unemployed, even if I have to create jobs. Union demands will be satisfied. Let's preserve this fine democracy and guard it against socialism by exercising our constitutional rights! You deserve all the benefits I can promise. It's so wonderful to see you go to the polls, disregarding your own selfish motives, to do a really patriotic duty by casting a ballot . . . and I hope for me! (That's it, Charlie, get your camera on that audience overcome with laughter; they love that sort of thing.)

"Are you interested in what I've done? Well, I've served on the local town school committee and I can honestly say that education has come a long ways since I started; you can see I'm a man who understands the worth of education in our society. I also instigated a town wide campaign to clean all the park statues of politicians who have done so much for you and have been elected and enshrined because they knew how to satisfy your wants. We must keep their memory sacred for our children! Unfortunately, it appears that the neighborhood pigeons have regarded them as restrooms, the sacreligious beasts.

"I know you people will vote for me because of what I believe in and not because of my image. Many of you have come up to me and said, 'John, just what is your stand on the Vietnam situation?' And I have always answered with a most serious and grave countenance. You see, the war is of a most serious nature, a threat to our security, a test of American democracy. It's difficult to just offhandedly come to a conclu-

sion about this thing. After all, so many men are being killed and so much money is being spent. It's quite serious. (Charlie, the hair now?) I'd just like to say that you can count on me to take a definite stand on it. It's quite grave.

"The last thing I'd like to say is this: I'm your public servant and a direct reflection of what you want. I've based my campaign on what you want; if elected, I'll base my policies on what you want. (Okay now, Charlie, hit me with the red, white, and blue lights and let that crowd see my dynamic youth.) What you want and need, what I strive to be, is a true statesman and not a cheap politician, like my opponent who is, mayhap, a crook. And as long as you continue to vote for my party and me, who have always based our policies on what you selfless, really patriotic, far-seeing people want, you can expect many more years of intelligent, well-handled, pure government under the fine statesmen you elect from the Demagogic-Repugnantcan Party. I thank you."

The preceding was a paid political advertisement.

Scott D. Holmberg, '67

Remember?

*Remember when you and Frankie would steal apples
off Mr. Hunt's tree and Mr. Hunt would pretend
he didn't see you, so you could make your escape?*

*Remember when you and Dad went fishing that summer
on the old stone bridge near Grandma's
and you brought home a fish bigger than Dad's?*

*Remember when you and that fair haired girl
walked the yellow beach, with the hot sand underfoot,
and you wrote your names here and there in the sand?*

*Remember when you passed that wrinkled-browed man
with snow hair and cane sitting on that park bench,
smiling to himself with distant eyes?*

Was he remembering?

— Stephan Abany '67

Faith

*Naked and afraid I come
Among you.
Warmth and love I leave . . .
For you.
I come to change you and
To be changed by you.
I come to teach you and
To be taught by you.
You call me "Father" and yet
Some of you are old enough to be
My grand-father.
I leave my home to enter yours
And get nothing but pain and
Dirt for my trouble.
I do not do this because I love
You . . . That will come later.
Now I must serve you, and,
In so doing,
Serve Him.*

— Paul A. Jarvie '67

ALUMNI SECTION

AN INTERVIEW WITH THOMAS PHILLIPS

Mr. Thomas L. Phillips, president of Raytheon Company, graduated from B.L.S. and holds B.S.E.E. and M.S.E.E. degrees from Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He is presently a director of both the National Shawmut Bank and the Mass. Bay United Fund. In addition, he is currently a member of the Corporation of Northeastern University, the Board of Governors of the National Space Club, the Defense Science Board for the Department of Defense, and the Board of Incorporators of the Diabetes Foundation.

WE SAT in his office awhile and spoke "off the cuff" about many things. He recalled about how "it was awfully difficult to participate in athletics and still get a passing grade." Of course, most of the conversation was based around what we all had in common—our high school background. Mr. Phillips was naturally interested in what the school is like now, and we compared notes. The three of us soon found that little had changed in the basic philosophy of the school. . .

Register: "Mr. Phillips, would you care to do a bit of reminiscing about one particular aspect of Latin School that you distinctly remember?"

Mr. Phillips: "I think I recall my teachers most vividly. For example, we used to have an old football player for math called "Bucky" Cannal—a great inspiration. He seemed the oddest kind of man to have depth of intellect; he talked with a Brooklyn accent, but had a heart of gold behind the rough talk. Dr. O'Leary was another one of my teachers and now he's headmaster. I distinctly recall how each man had something unique and substantial to offer. It was that lack of uniformity that added so much to our teachers."

Register: "Mr. Phillips, it's unusual for us as students to have any contact with a company like Raytheon. I guess we think of business in terms of the Madison Avenue stereotype and also find it very difficult—and, because of the stereotype, undesirable—to picture ourselves as fu-



— Raytheon Corporation

Mr. Phillips

ture businessmen."

Mr. Phillips: "Business is really a very rewarding career; however, I would agree with you that very few starry-eyed young men in high school think of a business position as something to aspire to. Unfortunately, the business world is at fault for not communicating its value to our society anywhere near to an adequate degree and thus loses many potentially excellent businessmen."

Register: "Would you care to elaborate on business's 'value to our society'?"

Mr. Phillips: "Sure. I think that the two institutions that this country has that it should be proudest of are the form of government and the free enterprise system. These two institutions are the things that have been responsible for our freedoms, our economic growth, and our

leadership in the world. The system of profit and motivation, where a management is working for its stockholders and employees, as well as its community, has contributed so very much to the kind of society in which we're living and the fruits that we're enjoying today. In short, the free enterprise business system has been the determining factor in our economic growth and our development into a wealthy and powerful nation.

"So you see, there can be as great rewards in business — both spiritual and materialistic — as in any other career you can think of. Another example of the importance and rewards of the business world is the way a privately owned company can act as a bellwether in supporting hospitals, churches, and organizations like the United Fund. Many, many businessmen, by what they learn in management, are deeply wanted and needed in so many aspects of social work and the federal government. It is the duty of the business world to make its talents available to the community and to make known to young men that business is really quite a promising and rewarding career."

Register: "Did you find Latin School a good place in which to prepare yourself for the business world?"

Mr. Phillips: "I don't think I, like most others, had any real idea that I would eventually become involved in business. However, once I did get involved, I found that Latin School had prepared me well."

"The most significant things Latin School taught me were how to study and, maybe more important, how to work in a highly competitive atmosphere, an atmosphere where there were so many bright boys in the classroom. This training made the transition into college, the army, and my profession so much easier. Since I was introduced to keen competition at a young age, I 'had it all over' the

people I was to meet and work with later on. . .

"Of course, the subject matter taught is of the sort of nature that causes one to think logically. I haven't used Latin and Greek since I graduated, having transferred to an engineering course; but the fact that they are extremely logical languages and so forth made me think in logical terms. The ability to think in rational terms is important in all careers; but it's the development of that keen competitive instinct, of course, that has so often enabled Latin School men to make their definite impression on our society."

Register: "Is there anything else that you feel is interesting to note about the school besides unique teachers, competitive atmosphere, etc.?"

Mr. Phillips: "Well, I certainly feel there is a great sense of pride that exists in the school. Consistently high showings on college boards, the number of famous alumni, the feeling that a sixty as a grade in Latin School was equivalent to a ninety elsewhere naturally established a feeling of pride and a closeness to the school that couldn't easily be forgotten. Also such an amount of schoolwork and extra-curricular activities gives the student a feeling of responsibility; i.e. 'It's my own responsibility to get all this work done.' Undoubtedly, that strong feeling of responsibility is also a cause of my being where I am today."

The ring of his telephone every once in a while would interrupt our conversation. The clatter of the secretary's typewriter, the bustling in the ultra modern executive building all were clear indications of the responsibilities the man in front of us had. And after we had thanked him and shook hands, we went back to a world that was quite a transition for us from the sprawling, plush executive offices of Raytheon in Lexington.

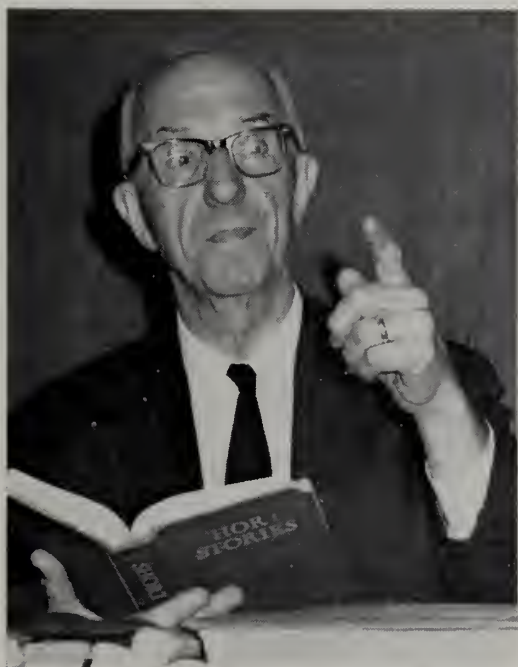


LORDS AND MASTERS

MR. FINN, who teaches English in room 225, was born in Boston and now lives in Brookline. After graduating from English High School, he received his A.B. from Tufts University, his A.M. from Columbia University, and continued his post graduate work at Harvard University before coming to Latin School.

Mr. Finn describes English as a social science, a complete understanding of which is necessary to appreciate life properly and to develop in society. Although he admits grammar is essential, he enjoys most the teaching of literature in which the true greatness of the language lies. He feels that an appreciation of literature and the arts is the foundation for the truly cultured man.

Both at home, in school, and in the community Mr. Finn has for more than a quarter of a century continually followed cultural pursuits. Many evenings he relaxes at the piano before studying or correcting exams. Since his teenage years he has been a subscriber to the Boston Symphony Orchestra and is an avid follower of the professional theatre,



— Stephan Showstark

Mr. Finn



— Stephan Showstark

Mr. Desmond

seldom missing a play during its Boston run. At various times he has directed the Poetry Club, the Music Appreciation Club, and the programs of music during assemblies.

The reason Mr. Finn chose teaching as his life's work lies in the quotation he borrows from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "To function is to live." He admits that technically "even gamblers and murderers function." However true functioning in life comes from gaining and imparting knowledge. We all perform some function in society; but to Mr. Finn we do not truly live unless we live purposefully, seeking to understand and appreciate the beauty of the achievements and accomplishments of our culture.

MR. JOSEPH F. DESMOND was born in South Boston and now lives in Dorchester. He attended Boston Latin School and Boston College, where he received his A.B. and A.M. in the Classics. During the summer of 1953, he studied at the American Academy in Rome. Just this past year he received his Ph.D. in the Classics from Tufts University.

Mr. Desmond, who has been associated with the Boston School system for the past fifteen years, taught at the Grover

Cleveland and Washington Irving Junior High Schools before coming to Latin School. Presently he is teaching Latin and Greek in room 135.

His extracurricular activities include reading, the theatre, and sports. In keeping with this last interest, he has served as sponsor of the Victory Club since its organization. He has also been the original proponent of the comprehensive Greek program for seniors. Outside of Latin School, he has served as Director

of the New England Latin Workshop at Tufts and has been a lecturer in the Classics at the Tufts' Medford campus.

Mr. Desmond believes that every student of Latin, no matter how inexperienced, should have the opportunity to read the best literature available to him. Speaking of his experience at Latin School, he said, "Teaching at Latin School and meeting so many fine boys of such different backgrounds has been a pleasant and most rewarding experience."

Les Neiges D'Antan

*It seems to me so very long ago that
I used to visit Mama
At the Coffee Shoppe,
And smell the smoke,
And feel warm,
And eat the pastries,
And watch the flies,
And make my childish remarks about
The World in general.*

— Paul A. Jarvie '67

*And when I used to feel so
Secure and warm that I thought I'd burst — . . !
Why, that was good!
But now I'm older:
The pair of eyes under the baseball cap
Has grown hard.
The little limbs in the Eton Suit
Have grown large and busy.
And I must make decisions,
And I must make mistakes,
And I'm cold.*

End Comes As A Beginning

*Fade In: The Beginning.
Darkness, lonely gloom, empty,— a mist of heaven surrounding nothing;
Then the hand of God reached down and fashioned a balding sphere of land and rock:
Earth.
Yet empty, cold, lacking that indefinite something;
Then a knowing smile transversed His holy countenance, and He was glad.
Beauty was thus born in the eyes of God, and reflected in the earth's fertile valleys.
Then the world opened its new-born eyes and took in its lush beauty.
A vast expanse of quiet solitude, yet unbroken,
A spherical greenery of startling symmetry . . . of everlasting beauty.
And yet He was not satisfied.
The earth was still lonely, still quiet;
Then God knew what his creation lacked.
Thus the seed of life was sown and animals walked the earth;
Enter Man.
Fade Out: The End.*

— J. T. Houston '67

Something of Interest

THIS SCHOOL YEAR began with the usual flurry of activity evident everywhere. In the constant process of evolution, a new Class VI, its members seemingly smaller and more numerous than ever, and Class IVB were added. Meanwhile, the "exemplars of the aristocracy of the intellect," the two hundred and sixty members of Class I, were introduced to the game of college entrance. Assemblies were called, letters were written, representatives spoke, application deadlines were set up, and many seniors, thoroughly confused, longed for the simple life of a confused, longed for the simple life of a "sixie" again.

Changes in the physical setup of the school were noticed, too. The new guidance offices are now in full use, and a browsing room, containing college catalogues and other pertinent materials, has been established in 106. Seven new rooms have been constructed in the basement below rooms 130-133; they are being used by art, music and advanced placement students. Art, incidentally, is a new addition to our curriculum, and, under the very capable direction of Miss Lakey, is enjoying remarkable success.

The announcement of National Merit Scholarship Semifinalists revealed Latin School to have fifteen students in this category, the greatest number of any school in Boston. The Merit Scholars are: William Ashforth, Robert Benedetti, Stephen Dong, Rogert Duggan, Saulius Girnius, Stefan Granholm, Kenneth Hachikian, Eugene Ho, Scott Holmberg, Paul Jarvie, John Pierce, Gerald Rubin, Robert Sharkey, Norman Shore and Lawrence Woods.

Our school publications have continued to receive honors from various sources. At the Boston Globe High School Editors' Conference, held June 1 at the Sheraton Plaza, the **Register** received Honorable Mention for Best Typographical Make-up with individual awards going to George Sukhu, Class I, First Prize for Best Poem; Scott Holmberg, I, Honorable Mention for Best Prose; and Jan Houston, I, Honorable Mention for Best Illustration. The New England Scholastic Press Association cited the **Register** and **Liber Actorum** for "Highest Achievement in High School Journalism," at the conclusion of a



two-day annual conference, October 28 and 29, at Boston University's George Sherman Union. George Field, Scott Holmberg, George Jameson, Paul Jarvie, and Steve Showstark attended, taking part in sessions on different aspects of writing, reporting, editing, design, photography, and organization. Holmberg received the additional honor of being chosen one of ten finalists for New England Scholastic Press Association Scholarships.

Several students participated in worthwhile activities during the summer. Lawrence DiCara, George Field and Gerald Motejunas, of Class I, represented Latin School at the American Legion's Boys' State program, held June 17-25 at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Boys' State, made up of some five hundred high school seniors from throughout Massachusetts, is a "model state" program; campaigns and elections are held for town, city, and state offices, and laws are made and amended, all with the purpose of learning more about our democratic form of government. DiCara was a candidate for Governor; Field served as Editor of the Boys' State newspaper. At the end of the program, four boys — two delegates and two alternate delegates

— were chosen for Boys' Nation, a similar program on a national scale, held in August in Washington, D.C. Latin School captured two of the four positions: DiCara was chosen a delegate, with Field selected as an alternate. DiCara was one of a hundred students from all parts of the country who attended Boys' Nation.

Arnett Waters, I, and Richard Clarke, II, took part in a Debate Institute at Marquette University in Wisconsin. The three-week session included lectures on debating and on the national debate topic for the school year 1966-'67: Foreign Aid. During the final week of the Institute a tournament was held, at which Waters won the Championship Trophy and Clarke was judged the second-best speaker in the Institute.

Key Club International held its Annual Convention, June 26-29, at the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago. George Field, Richard Fitzgerald, and Paul Jarvie, I, and Cornelius Doherty, II, attended the convention and met with over two thousand other Key Clubbers from the United States and Canada to discuss many aspects of Key Club.

With the school year well under way, the different school organizations have initiated many activities. The Social Science Club hosted the initial meeting of the Junior World Affairs Council on November 15 at the State Street Bank and Trust Company Building in Boston. The Council is a group of young people interested in the study of current events . . . The Debating Society has drawn up a full schedule of meets with other teams, in addition to attending various seminars and sessions aimed at improving debating skill . . . The Key Club held an Induction Banquet at the Charter House in Cambridge on October 24, at which new members and their parents were introduced to the purposes, members, and adult advisors of the Club. . . .

On Friday, November 11th, the B.L.S. Debating Society invaded the campus of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst to take part in a Debate Tournament. Accompanied by Mr. Flynn of Room 214 and Steve Smith, II, who acted as technical assistant, Arnie Waters, Rich Clarke, Larry DiCara and Tom Connolly underwent a grueling schedule of debate in order to bring back to B.L.S. the repu-

tation of being the number two team participating in the Varsity Division of the Tournament. One of the more tangible signs of the accomplishment of the B.L.S. debaters is the plaque won by the team of Arnie Waters and Larry DiCara for being the best negative team in the Varsity Division. Individual awards for speaking proficiency were also won by Arnie and Larry who placed first and second respectively in the Varsity Division.



— Stephan Showstark

DiCara and Moore declaim

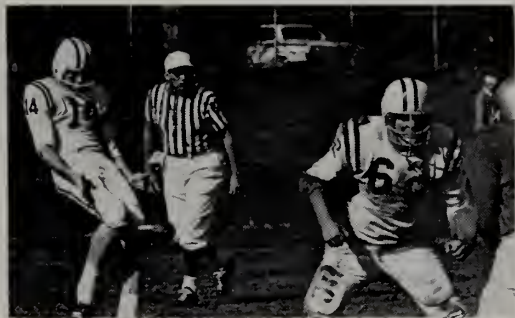
Kudos Column. At the First Public Declamation on November 4, Christopher Kennedy, III, placed first; Paul Hogan, V, second; and Lawrence DiCara, I, third . . . Gene Ferris, I, was selected to participate in the Annual Harry Agannis All-Star Football Game this past summer . . . Chosen as members of the Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra, Senior Division, are Fred Siegel, I, Vincent DiCara, II, and Alex Robinson, III. Kenneth Zunder and James Lauterbach, both of Class III, are in the Junior Division . . . This year's Officers of the National Honor Society are: George Jameson, President, Larry Boris, Vice President, and Lee Daniels, Secretary-Treasurer . . . The members of the Victory Club deserve a vote of thanks for their whole-hearted, energetic support of our football team. With conditions and odds often against them, they provided the spirit so necessary for the survival of any good team. . . .

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

LATIN vs. LYNN CLASSICAL

After battling with East Boston to a scoreless tie in the Jamboree, the team and the school prepared for the game against Lynn Classical. Many papers gave large write-ups to the game, since it was the first time in seven years that B.L.S. had played outside the city of Boston; many wanted to see how a city team would do against outside competition. The only obstacle to winning seemed to be minor injuries: Linc Pope and Dennis Kearney were both suffering from bruises. Heavy rains on Saturday postponed the game till October 3. Despite the fact that many had to travel by Eastern Mass. Bus, a crowd of over 300 students attended the game. Both Lynn Classical and B.L.S. had difficulties getting started. Neither team came within ten yards of scoring until the beginning of the fourth period. With less than five minutes left, Costello handed off to Scotty Guild who raced for forty yards around left end for six points.



— Alan Kuritsky



Less than two minutes after the stands had erupted (megaphones waving, purple toilet paper flying, etc.), a key interception by Junior Jay Porter (his third of the afternoon) set up another Guild run, this time around right end for almost forty yards. One play later Scotty went up the middle and over the line. Two points were added when Mike "Goose" Hinman tumbled over a phalanx of Latin blockers, putting B.L.S. ahead 14 to 0, which was the final score of the game. Now the team was ready to cross the bridge into Cambridge to face Rindge Tech. By October 8, things looked good.

LATIN vs. RINDGE TECH

Saturday, October 8, dawned a very warm day, almost summerlike. All the fans were surprised when Rindge scored first. Since both Linc and Scotty were a bit injured, Fred Smith was in at full-back. Soon after the Rindge score, it was Fred Smith up the middle, Fred Smith "off tackle", Fred Smith up the middle again. Within a few plays, Fred, running in a Nance-like fashion, scored from the eleven. After that score, both defenses hardened and the game was a 6-6 tie at the half. After eating their way through seven dozen oranges, the Purple and White were ready to open up the game. By now Scotty was on the field, and Costello ran him around end, as well as up the middle. Rindge's defense tired as the afternoon grew warmer. B.L.S. however,



— Alan Kuritsky

thanks to its daily sprints, was holding up quite well. After Scotty scored from the five, it was not long before Latin marched down the field, after another interception by Jay Porter. Costello sneaked over for six more and Scotty's two points gave us twenty for the afternoon. Despite the injuries to centers Tom Finneran (alias "Tube") and Pete Bynoe, Paul Dever proved his abilities by playing a great game over the ball. Next game on the Saturday circuit was Weymouth, number one team in the state.

LATIN vs. WEYMOUTH

The fifteenth of October found B.L.S. in bad shape, by no means physically ready to face a team of Weymouth's caliber. Ed "Buffalo" Holland, unable to play, preferred to sit on the bench, in uniform. Jim Rose, a two year starter, was far from healthy. Many so-called experts picked the Purple to be shut out and possibly lose by as many as six touchdowns. The team had carefully studied movies of past Weymouth games for over a week. Despite being greatly outnumbered, the B.L.S. fans made themselves heard. Weymouth scored early, but they had yet to see Latin School football in action. A few minutes after the Weymouth score, Linc Pope received a punt and weaved, squirmed and slid his way for eighty-eight yards and a touchdown. To the disappointment of B.L.S. fans, the play was called back be-

cause of a clip, and the ball was placed back on the thirty-seven. Not to be stopped by hardships, Costello took the reins and eleven plays later threw to Linc Pope from the twenty for the TD. Mike Hinman easily galloped over for two points. Unfortunately, with both Holland and Rose out, the Defense could not stop Weymouth's runners, who scored two more touchdowns before the end of the half. After scoring once more in the third quarter, Weymouth picked up an additional point on the very rarely seen conversion. Another rarity occurred when the Weymouth defense scored a safety. After seven more Weymouth points, the Purple bounced back with Quarterback John Ryan, who reverted to the usually successful "shotgun". Ryan successfully threw twice to Steve Bradley and once to veteran right end Bill Gallagher. Costello returned to the helm and had Hinman go straight up the middle for the score. The game ended with the Purple defeated 36 to 14. Despite the fact the Purple lost, we compiled more yards rushing (48) than Weymouth's three previous opponents combined and also scored more points than any one of the other three had. Quarterbacks Costello and Ryan also compiled more yards passing in the game than did the Weymouth QB. As we returned from Weymouth, we hoped that Rose and Holland would be ready for Brookline, the following Saturday's duel. Our hopes, unfortunately, did not come true.

LATIN vs. BROOKLINE

The last Saturday game of 1966 took place in the shadow of the Jamaicaaway Tower. As in the Weymouth game, the opposition scored first. Soon, however, B.L.S. started moving down the field. It wasn't long before Linc Pope received a pitchout from John Ryan and scampered eleven yards for a score. At the half, it was 6 to 6. After a scoreless third period, Costello threw Pope a screen pass. Eighty-one yards later, B.L.S. was ahead 12 to 6. Unfortunately, the rush conversion failed. Towards the end of the game, Brookline scored again and also got the all important two points. As time grew short (*tempus fugit*), Brookline regained the ball and killed the clock. Extra points made a difference—the difference between winning and losing. Many fans, quite disgusted by the man on the public address system, who showed his intentional favoritism for the Wealthy Towners, longed to return to White Stadium and its big locker rooms, familiar surroundings and Mr. Patten's harsh, but unbiased tones.

LATIN vs. TECHNICAL

The team thought they would be ready, health-wise, for the first City-League game against Tech. Ed Holland was ordered not to dress by Mr. Smith. Dennis Kearney, a standout at safety and a four year veteran, had severely sprained a previously broken and infected ankle. Later X-rays showed ripped tendons, which would end Dennis' football for the year. Jim Rose, on crutches, was suffering from a hairline fracture of his foot. Dennis Irving, with water on the knee, also became a member of the "crutches crew". A large crowd on hand saw Tech score first, but soon afterwards, Linc ran fifty yards around end and scored from the five on the following play. The second period saw Tech score eight points to take a two point lead. Soon afterwards, it was Pope again from the five, for six more. This time Linc scored after a large gain of thirty yards by Fred Smith. Once more we found ourselves behind due to extra points. The second half was scoreless despite two long distance passes by John Ryan, one to left end Vin Costello and the other a forty yard screen to Scotty Guild, and despite B.L.S.'s recovering two Tech fumbles and

Jay Porter's intercepting his sixth pass of the year. The final score was 14 to 12, Tech. The team was eager to play Trade on November 3. Rain, however, postponed that tilt until Nov. 15, the Brighton game being scratched from the schedule. The postponement was probably in the best interests of the team since injuries were still prevalent. B.C. High, spoiler of the last two seasons, was next on the agenda.

LATIN vs. B.C. HIGH

When a team plays poorly, it probably doesn't deserve to win; however, when a team plays its best game of the year and loses, it is quite discouraging to all those concerned. The Purple struck early against B.C. High when Scotty Guild, taking a pitchout from Vin Costello, ran thirty-four yards for a TD in the first quarter. Led on and inspired by the return of the "Buffalo", Captain Ed Holland, the Defense was fantastic, keeping the Eagles scoreless in the first half and holding them to only thirty yards in those first twenty minutes. Helping the Captain in his defensive chores was Sophomore Nick Mazares, the middle line-backer who played outstanding ball all year. The Defense held till the third period when B.C. High scored six points to tie the game. With only a minute remaining, the Eagles scored eight more to clinch the game 14 to 6. Soon after Latin recovered the ball, the clock ran out. Once more it was a hard game to lose. The spirit of the B.L.S. student body at this game was truly outstanding. Led on by the "WOLF", the cheering was continuous and very effective.

LATIN vs. TRADE

Trade has a tradition of having a poor football team. Luckily, this year was no exception. Part of the aftermath of the B.C. High game having resulted in an injured Scotty Guild and Bill Fitzsimmons, many of those in the opening lineups were starting for the first time. This weakness was especially apparent on the right side of the B.L.S. Defense, which let Trade's Larry Drayton, an All-City Player as a Junior, score in the first period. That was the last time, however, that Trade made it to the scoreboard. As the afternoon grew chillier and windier, the

second period saw Jay Porter return a punt for eighty yards. Linc Pope's two points after put us ahead. Soon after Linc Pope intercepted a Trade pass, John Ryan led the Purple down the field and, on the keeper, ran the ball from the one-yard line for the six points. After a scoreless third period, Linc Pope, finding it impossible to go around the end after being handed the ball, found a hole in the middle and ran the three yards for a TD. The game ended with the Purple and White victorious, 20 to 6. Now there remained but one game. Every session from the mornings in early September till the dark afternoons in November, every Saturday practice, every leg-lift, every pass pattern, every tackling drill was leading to one game. "Last game, Seniors!"

LATIN vs. ENGLISH

The newspapers had predicted an English victory by as much as thirty points. English had only been scored upon once all year. Despite these factors and EHS's weight advantage, we knew we could give the Blue and Blue the ball-game of their lives and we did.

25,000 people (the largest crowd in history) packed Harvard Stadium for the oldest continuous high school football rivalry in the country. For the first time all year, Latin had a healthy team, relatively speaking. English kicked off and the Latin man down the field fumbled the ball. The Latin defense, however, proved itself by stopping the Blue and Blue for three plays, and then, after an English field goal attempt had failed, Latin took to the warpath. After he had run for ten yards to the right to the thirty, Scotty Guild took the ball on the second play from scrimmage and went around left end for seventy yards to score. A little later, English was forced to punt. Linc Pope took the kick on his own twenty-nine yard line and ran his way to the English twenty-four. On the next play, halfback Frank Mucci scored on a sweep to the left.

The team had built up a twelve point lead in three minutes. Within ten plays, however, EHS halfback Jim Ricci set Thomas up for a touchdown from the two-yard line by running for twenty yards.

It is important to note that at this time a pass to Priester from Thomas gave English the winning conversion. Soon after the EHS score, Latin was forced to punt. The officials claimed that Costello's knee touched the ground, thus killing the ball and giving English a first down on the Purple twenty-two. Not much later Ricci scored from the six-yard line and gave English the lead. Late in the second period, Cassidy caught Thomas' pass and, sliding past the secondary, scored EHS' third TD of the morning.

As the teams took the field for the third period, English led twenty to twelve. Despite the fact that English had possession of the ball most of the third period, the Blue and Blue were unable to score as the BLS defense held ground.

In the fourth period, BLS once more moved onto the scoreboard. John Ryan, taking the ball on a half-back option, threw a twenty-four yard "tackle-eligible" pass to BLS Captain Ed Holland. Soon afterwards Costello hurled a twenty-three yarder to veteran Bill Gallagher. The "play of the game" came when Costello hit Pope with a short pass in the EHS twenty-five: "Squirmin' Herman" was never in finer form. Seeing a phalanx of five Blue defenders preventing him from running left, he swerved into the right corner of the end zone for the score. Unfortunately, Linc Pope was unsuccessful in his attempt to tie the game by scoring the two point conversion. After an unsuccessful but clever BLS onside kick by Steve Buckley, English had the ball; nevertheless, they could not advance. When Latin got the ball back, there were less than four minutes left. Despite a completed pass to Steve Bradley, the BLS drive died. English let the clock run out. Final score: EHS 20-BLS 18.

It was a rough one to lose but a game we can be proud of. BLS scored three times as many points in one game as English's other opponents had in seven. To Captain Ed Holland go our congratulations for the best lineman award. To starters Don Jones, Tom Finneran, John O'Donovan, Nick Mazares, Bruce Chandler, John Henderson and Jim Rose goes our appreciation for a well played game, for giving a hundred per cent. True, we did not win, but we did prove our abilities. This was our finest hour.

SOCCER

The first game of the season was against English at Franklin Field. English jumped off to a 3-0 lead in the first quarter and added three more in the second. But in the second half the Latin defense settled down and allowed English to score only once. Yee scored for Latin early in the third quarter. The final score was English 7 Latin 1.

There was a marked improvement in the team in the second game of the season against Xavier of Concord. On the opening kickoff the Latin forwards worked the ball downfield, and Joe Quan put the ball past the Xavier goalie. Then the game became a defensive battle. Latin led until 2 minutes before half-time when the Xavier offense broke through the Latin defense and scored. During the second half Xavier scored on a penalty shot, despite Latin's fine defensive. Final score: Xavier 2 Latin 1.

The second game against Xavier was like the first: a defensive battle. Xavier, however, scored three goals in the second half. Final score: Xavier 3 Latin 0.

The strong, fast Browne and Nichols team took advantage of loose Latin play and scored two goals in the first half. After some personnel changes the Latin defense held Browne and Nichols until late in the fourth quarter, when they scored two more goals. Final score: Browne and Nichols 4 Latin 0.

Technical opened the game with a fine goal. Latin then stopped Technical for the rest of the first half. At the start of the second half Wing Sullivan took the ball down through the Tech defense and passed across to Glenn Kelly for the goal. Tech came back for two quick goals to win the game. Final score: Technical 3 Latin 1.



— Howard Wax

So far this season the team's record is 0-5 with three games left: Wentworth Institute, English, and the all important game against Roxbury Latin. This year's starters are Bill Brown, Goal; Phil D'Agastino and Charlie Gaputis, Fullback; Henry de los Rios, Tex Paegle, and Arnie Waters, Halfback; Yee and Sullivan, Wing; Kelly and Quan, insides; and Al Cheah, center forward. The other Varsity players were Groden, Favorito, McGurn, and McGrath.

The outstanding defensemen were Tex Paegle and Phil D'Agastino. Goalie Bill Brown had a fine year averaging 15 saves a game. Al Cheah was the playmaker of the offense, working well with insides Kelly and Quan. That wraps up the Soccer team. But we cannot overlook Dr. Hamblin, who gave up his free afternoons from a busy medical practice to serve as our coach.



FALL CREW



— Stephan Showstark

Fall crew, usually considered a prep for spring crew, drew a comparatively small first boat. Having lost to Tech and English last season, this fall's first boat had revenge in their hearts. Mr. Vara took advantage of this spirit, and ordered strenuous workouts even on the days when the wind was white-capping the Charles. Coxswain Scott Holmberg carried out the coach's orders by putting the first boat through their many paces. Responding to the tongue-lashings of the coxswain, the first boat, consisting of Ho, Jordan, Shahood, Dolan, (Butcher) Rafferty, Gottwald, Minichiello, and two juniors, Stabers and Heos, pulled hard and long during practice.

On the day of the last race, determination was in the hearts of the Latin crew. Latin jumped off to quick lead, but Tech's always strong and spirited crew cut the lead and finally took over. Latin's spirits were not dampened as Tech pulled ahead; their real goal was to beat English. And by giving complete effort from the starting whistle to the final flag, Latin kept pulling away from English to secure second place.

In the spring Mr. Vara has only two lettermen returning, but if the spirit of the spring's crew is equal to that of this fall's, Mr. Vara could have a first place crew.

CROSS COUNTRY

This year, Latin School's Cross Country team was faced with some very tough competition: namely, a very strong and highly experienced squad from Tech.

The team did very well in its dual meet against English. Captain Steve Carey captured first place honors, with Jim Henneberry, Charlie Snyder and Rich Fournier providing the necessary backup for an overall victory.

Although Latin had to face Tech's tough opposition in every race after the English meet, the team nevertheless performed very well, placing second in both the City and Regimental Meets.

The team will lose its "aces" next year, but with such promising underclassmen as Rich Fournier, Larry Gray, Mike Nee and Clyve Doran, it looks as though Coach Fielding will be able to field a very fine team once more.



— Alan Kuritsky

The Register's Raving Reporter



Sept. 11: Overheard in 101:

Festeris Maximus: "Boys, the new art department has been instituted to give you the broader viewpoint necessary to a well-rounded personality."

Sept. 14: From 104:

"Festusberg, how did you translate 'In curris castris diebus sunt?' "
"Very poorly, sir."

Sept. 16: Confucian say people who live in glass houses shouldn't take showers.

Sept. 20: Ye R.R.R. has been asking students what they think of the Register. The comments, ranged by class, are as follows:

Class VI: "I always read it cover to cover; school spirit, you know."

Class V: "Sometimes I read it."

Class IV: "I read it once in a great while."

Class III: "I never read it anymore."

Class II: "I've given it up entirely."

Class I: "The what?"

Sept. 22: Today Ye R.R.R. got his hand stuck in a toilet and was feeling flush all day.

Sept. 26: The person should be shot who referred to the honorable Mao Tse Tsung as King Cong.

Sept. 29: Overheard in 312:

Mr. Gordon: "Kilo, what do I mean by two significant figures?"

Kilo Minor: "Uh, Jayne Mansfield and Sophia Loren?"

Sept. 30: Something of Interest, the new Register banking column, should be profitable reading.

Nov. 1: Overheard in 102:

Dribbles: "What, exactly, is a naval destroyer?"

Grog: "Would you believe a hula hoop with a nail in it?"

Nov. 3: Speaking to a leading mission director, Ye R.R.R. today was told that many cannibal missionaries are going to pot.

Nov. 7: Ye R.R.R. jovially told him not to stew about it.

Nov. 10: Question: What does a five hundred pound parrot say?

Answer: Polly want a cracker—NOW!

Nov 14: Overheard in 118:

"Chin, use grimace in a sentence."

"One day Eddy Rickenbacker shot down three enemy planes in cold blood. He was a grimace."

Nev 17: Notice from Bull-etin:

The infamous Cult of Mediocrity will meet tonight at the sign of the Old Brass Doorknob. Please bring your library cards.

Nov. 18: Several English scientists are conducting research into the smog levels of various American cities. When asked by Ye R.R.R. which city was the most polluted, one of the scientists replied, "I'm sorry, sir; we haven't the foggiest, yet."

Nov. 22: Overheard in A.P. German:

Herr Donovan: "Drake, why do we strive to learn the language of the 'man in the street?'"

Cynicus Maximus: "Because German is a gutter-al language?"

Nov. 29: This column was designated as the most appropriate place to announce the election to Governorship of Mr. Maddox and Mrs. Wallace.

Dec. 1: Ye R.R.R. was recently in Africa, where he met a young man quite adept with a spear. Repeatedly the young native struck smaller and smaller coins from my hand. Finally, when he had hit a quarter, Ye R.R.R. said, "Brother can you spear a dime?"

Dec. 5: Oversheard in the cafeteria:
(loudly) This is absolutely the last

straw!

(Some little thief must have taken two.)

Dec. 8: Question: "If a carpenter has plane ideas and an electrician has shocking ideas, what does a plumber have?"

Answer: Pipe dreams.

Dec. 15: Ye R.R.R. has made up a new game called Black Power. You blind-fold yourself, strike out at anything and everything, and slowly progress backwards.

*"All the world's a stage,
and all the men and women
merely a stage crew."*

Insegrevius, LXVII



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and

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